



1874-1974

ST. MARY STAR OF THE SEA PARISH

Astoria, Oregon

DEDICATION

To those rugged Black Robes, who spread our faith in the Northwest, when Astoria, first white settlement in the Oregon Territory, was a small trading post; to all the former priests of our parish who hewed a church out of the wilderness frontier and who helped our church to become an important and respected part of this community; to those "life-saving" hospital Sisters of Providence, to the school Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, and now the Sisters of the Eucharist who came to the rescue of St. Mary, Star of the Sea School; to all those pioneer people who have devoted themselves to the work of this parish; and, most especially, to our beloved parish priest, Father Charles Borho, we dedicate this history of our church's first 100 years, with assurance in its future, with love, reverence and gratitude.

In this Year of Our Lord, 1974
Astoria, Ore.

The Members of St
Mary, Star of the Sea
Catholic Parish.



St. Mary, Star of the Sea



The Most Reverend Cornelius M. Power, D.D., J.C.D.
Archbishop of Portland in Oregon



ARCHDIOCESE OF PORTLAND IN OREGON

THE CHANCERY OFFICE
2838 EAST BURNSIDE, P. O. BOX 351
PORTLAND, OREGON 97207

15 August 1974

The Very Rev. Charles D. Borho
Church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea
1465 Grand Avenue
Astoria, Oregon 97103

Dear Father Borho:

It has recently been brought to my attention that St. Mary, Star of the Sea, will soon be celebrating its centennial as a parish in the City of Astoria. I would like to join you, your staff and your parishioners in a warm expression of gratitude to Almighty God for the one hundred years of graces and blessings which have been bestowed on this parish throughout the last century.

To the parishioners I would say: God has lived among you for one hundred years in the House you have built for Him. In that House He has baptized your children, given Himself as your spiritual food, forgiven your sins, instructed your families, married your youth, blessed your sick and buried your dead. He has wiped away your tears and joined in your gaiety. He has given strength to the weak and courage to the meek; advice to the doubtful and faith to the doubting.

We must at this time pause to pay our respects in a very special way to all of the priests, religious and laity, who worked in numerous ways to benefit St. Mary, Star of the Sea Parish, during the past one hundred years and who have been called by God in death. We pray that the judgment of God rests lightly upon them.

May the Lord favor you with His care and protection in this centennial year of your parish, and may your holy patroness, the Mother of the Redeemer, continue her love and devotion to her loyal Astoria family in the years to come.

Sincerely yours in Christ

+ Cornelius M. Power

†Cornelius M. Power
Archbishop of Portland in Oregon

Church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea

1465 Grand Avenue

Astoria, Oregon 97103

As we celebrate the 100th birthday of the founding of the parish of St. Mary, Star of the Sea, our hearts are filled with joy and gratitude. Gratitude to Almighty God for the bounteous graces and blessings that He has bestowed upon this parish. Gratitude to the devoted clergy who served in this parish - often amid many hardships and trials. Gratitude to the devoted sisters who cared for the educational and physical needs of the members of the parish and of the community at Star of the Sea Grade and High School and at St. Mary's Hospital. Gratitude to the devoted laity of the past and present years. The laity, the faithful make the parish family. The pioneers who brought the faith with them from all parts of the world and the men and women who lived that faith as part of the parish family are in our prayers.

The faith, the generosity, the perseverance of the clergy, the sisters, and the laity is evident in the parish today as we survey our parish plant, but more so as we survey the spirit of the parish family. A rich heritage has been given to us by those who preceeded us. May we in turn preserve and expand that heritage, so that the family of God of St. Mary, Star of the Sea parish may continue to bring the message of God's love to all in the area. May Mary, Star of the Sea continue to be the beacon of hope, of light for all of us.

Feast of the Assumption 1974.

Rev. Charles D. Borho
Rev. Charles D. Borho
Pastor



The Very Reverend Charles D. Borho
Pastor, St. Mary, Star of the Sea

Oregon Province

PROVINCIAL ADMINISTRATION • SISTERS OF THE HOLY NAMES OF JESUS AND MARY • MARYLHURST, OREGON 9703

September 15, 1974

To the Parishioners of St Mary, Star of the Sea Parish
Astoria, Oregon

Dear Friends,

You have our loving and prayerful congratulations as you celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of St. Mary, Star of the Sea Parish.

For seventy-eight years the Sisters of the Holy Names have shared with you and with generations before you, the responsibilities of Christian education as we planned and worked together for the development of the Church in the Astoria area.

The close bonds we have established in shared joys and sorrows, successes and failures cannot be readily set aside; they have become a part of the fabric of our lives, mutually beneficial and mutually treasured, enriching our associations with each other. As we reflect on the years past, we are grateful.

The new era opening before you has its own challenges. May you accept them as you accepted the challenges of former years, with faith in God's guiding presence among you.

As you face the new century, "May our Lord Jesus Christ and God our Father inspire you with courage and confidence in every good thing you say or do." This is my heart's deepest wish for our people in Astoria this Jubilee Year.

Sincerely in the Holy Names,

Sister Mary Bertoli
Provincial Superior



September 29, 1974

Dear Friends:

It is a great pleasure to salute St. Mary, Star of the Sea Parish, on it's 100th anniversary.

Six years after the establishment of your parish, the Sisters of Providence founded St. Mary Hospital in Astoria. As you know it was our privilege to serve the health care needs of the people of this area from 1880 until 1970. Although we do not have a mission in Astoria now the bonds of 90 years between St. Mary Church and St. Mary Hospital are still strong.

All the Sisters of Providence serving in the West join me in wishing you congratulations. We pray that God will bless clergy, religious and laity in a special way as you begin your next century serving in His name.

Sincerely in Christ,

Sister Louise Gleason

Sister Louise Gleason
Provincial Superior,
Sisters of Providence,
Issaquah, Washington





The Franciscan Sisters of the Eucharist of St. Mary Star of the Sea School, Astoria are, front row, left, Sr. Dorothy, Sr. Teresa and Mother Helen Jean; back row, left, Sr. Immaculata, Sr. Catherine and Sr. Valerie.

THE FRANCISCAN SISTERS OF THE EUCHARIST EXPRESS CONGRATULATIONS TO THE ARCHBISHOPS, PRIESTS, SISTERS, AND PARISHIONERS OF ST. MARY, STAR OF THE SEA PARISH, WHO, THROUGH THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS OVER THE YEARS, HAVE MADE THIS DAY A REALITY. WE REJOICE WITH YOU IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT FROM THE DAY OF YOUR FOUNDING, YOUR FAITH IN THE HOLY EUCHARIST HAS BEEN RECOGNIZED AS THE SOURCE OF STRENGTH FOR YOUR PARISH, THE CITY OF ASTORIA, AND THE ARCHDIOCESE OF PORTLAND. THAT THE EUCHARIST MAY CONTINUE TO BE THE CENTER OF YOUR PARISH LIFE IN THE YEARS TO COME, IS OUR JUBILEE WISH FOR YOU.

May the Lord bless you and keep you.
May He let His face shine on you and be gracious to you.
May He uncover His face to you and bring you peace.

Numbers 6:24-26

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
1095 DUANE STREET
325-5821



September 12, 1974

Reverend Charles Borho
St. Mary's Star of the Sea Church
1465 Grand
Astoria, Oregon 97103

Dear Father Borho:

The 100th Anniversary of the founding of St. Mary's Star of the Sea Church is rapidly approaching and without doubt, the citizens of the community will take time to give thoughtful reflection to the important role that the church has played in the development of the many families throughout the first 100 years.

The church has been, and will continue as a viable tower of strength, in molding the religious lives of our many citizens in almost every area known to man. The church and state together, make a wonderful team, with the perfect balance as we know it, in our communities today.

On behalf of the City Council and the citizens of Astoria, I congratulate you and the members of St. Mary's Star of the Sea Church for a job well done, and may your next 100 years be fruitful as we seek to provide a better life for all.

Sincerely yours,

THE CITY OF ASTORIA

Harry M. Steinbock
Harry M. Steinbock
Mayor

HMS:pr



The Beginning

The deer at the edge of the deep forest suddenly turned his graceful antlers to gaze out over the broad river glistening far below. His slender doe, nibbling the tender green buds of an evergreen tree close by his side, stopped at his signal and directed her gentle eyes in the same direction.

Across the little clearing in a grove of willows, an Indian hunter drew an arrow from his quiver, set it to his long bow and took aim at the buck standing motionless at the forest edge.

Just then, there was a boom of cannon from Fort Astoria, down hill on its sloping mound at the river's edge. Instantly, the buck and doe leaped into the protection of the dark forest and the Indian's arrow missed its mark.

But even before the puff of white smoke from the fort cannon was wafted away on the spring wind, the dark eyes of the Indian had seen the long line of canoes, that the deer had seen, paddles dipping in rhythmic strokes approaching down river toward the fort landing, and noted, with growing excitement in his breast, the solitary black robed figure among the buckskin-clad boatmen, a silver cross shining on his breast, a string of beads swinging from his waist and black book in his hand as he stepped ashore.

His hunting venture forgotten, the dusky brave turned and sped on feet, racing to his village west of the fort with the thrilling news, "The Black Robe has come!"

Nor was the Clatsop hunter on the hill above the fort the only Indian to note the historic arrival. Across river, in his tribal stronghold, old one-eyed Comcomly, chief of the Chinook nation was informed by his young watchmen from their high lookout above the Indian village that canoes were approaching downriver, and with paddles flashing, he and some of his braves immediately set out for the friendly fort, of his white brothers, across river, to arrive in time to note the appearance of the "Black Robe" as he stepped ashore.

It was the 21st day of the month of May, 1840, the month of salmon in the river and berries ripening on the bushes, when Father Modeste Demers stepped ashore from a trip downriver from Fort Vancouver, after many months of travel by canoe and foot across the trackless wilds from Red River, Canada, where he had waited to join Father Norbert Blanchet from far off Montreal, as the first Catholic missionaries to the Oregon country. It was a year and a half later after their arrival at Fort Vancouver that Father Demers stepped ashore, marking the arrival of the first Catholic priest to visit Astoria.



Our History Starts

This is a memorable event for us, the people of St. Mary, Star of the Sea Church, Astoria, Ore.

St. Mary Catholic Church is celebrating its 100th anniversary this year of Our Lord 1974. For students of history, who have followed the trek of the Lewis and Clark expedition from Missouri to this area, where the mighty river of the west, the Columbia, rolls and tumbles across its treacherous shoals to meet the roaring waves of the Pacific Ocean, there remains a question.

Those courageous leaders of the expedition, Lewis and Clark, established their winter fort in our area, the land of the Clatsop Indians, on the little Netel river, near the present day Astoria. There, they "rode out" the long wet winter of 1805-06, before beginning their long journey home. Although there were several of the Catholic faith among those hardy explorers accompanying the two leaders Lewis and Clark, these were commissioned as part of the expeditionary force, so, returned with the explorers on their long trek back to Missouri. But, wait. More were to follow. And stay.

In 1811, four years later than the Lewis and Clark expedition opened the way to the west coast across the New World, one German immigrant, John Jacob Astor, who had "made a million" on furs east of the Rocky Mountains, decided to stake a claim in the heretofore lands of the beaver and the otter in that newly chartered and undeveloped land of where rolls the Oregon". The doughty little German Astor equipped two expeditions to the mouth of the mighty river of the west, first discovered, you historians know, by Capt. Robert Gray. Astor sent the two expeditions to the mouth of the Columbia, one overland, one by sea, and thus established the staunch little fort which is now smack dab in the middle of our town of Astoria on the banks of the Columbia River.

In the Astor overland expedition alone, there were 13 Canadian voyageurs, brawny-armed masters of the birch-bark canoes and the paddle, French Canadians, and, almost all of them Catholics. Although boisterous and rough, sending their rollicking songs, set to the rhythm of their paddles across the white waters of mountain rivers or across the quiet, deep waters of northern lakes, they, nonetheless, carried their faith with them with their rosary beads and their evening prayers at Angelus around their camp fires at night under the stars. These rugged voyageurs knew, when they set off on their expeditions into the wilderness there would be no places of worship or chance to receive the Mass awaiting them, nor did they expect it.

By the same token, when they arrived at Fort Vancouver, upriver from Fort Astoria, where the present city of Vancouver, Wash. clasps hand with its neighbor city of Portland, Ore., across the river by means of graceful bridges, there were many of the Catholic faith. . .76, in fact in 1838. Although these of our faith held religious gatherings in the little schoolhouse at Fort Vancouver, along with members of other faiths, there were no priests to offer the Mass. John McLoughlin, called the "Great White Eagle" by Indians and white settlers alike, who all loved him, was a doughty Scot, and not too interested in establishing a leader of the Catholic faith at the fort. Later, he was to become a Catholic convert.

At French Prairie, St. Paul, Champoege and other tiny communities along the Willamette River, nearby where the City of Roses and Fountains, raises its proud white towers in salute to the majestic white mountain that rises to the east, many of those French Canadian voyageurs, who came west with those first expeditions to the far west, had married and settled down to trapping and farming and raising their families. They, too, missed being able to worship and to have their children brought up in the faith of their fathers in this isolated corner of the new world. No churches, no priests to lead their flocks and to say the Mass, no kindly Sisters to serve as teachers in the log cabin schools, as they had been schooled back in Montreal, Quebec and other French provisional Canadian settlements.

And so, why, ask historians, was it not until 1838 that the first Catholic missionary priests were commissioned to the Oregon Country? Were there no requests from the ranks of these pioneer Catholic families? Was there no hunger in their hearts for religious leaders of their faith to come to their new home land, to spread the word of God, to perform the sacraments of marriage, baptism and death?

There were of course, innumerable such anxious requests. Pleas turned up in letters received in Montreal and Quebec from relatives in the far west, arriving with every batteau of trappers and hunters and promptly delivered. But, despite the urgent demand, you must remember that the newly opened Oregon Territory, so far removed from the eastern settlements, was mythical, almost legendary, and the Eastern Diocese had so many "orders" to fill closer at home. The Eastern and Canadian Bishops had their hands full just supplying the new Catholic areas in the French provinces and the Catholic settlements along the eastern seaboard of the United States. The Oregon Territory, far-flung across trackless deserts and towering mountain ranges would have to wait its turn. So wait it did. . . until 1838!

Search for the White Man's God

Heretofore, there had been no known organized effort, aside from those individual family letters sent by land and sea, to reach relatives months later voicing the wish for Catholic religious leaders, with surprising exception. This well organized plan to have the "Black Robes" come to the Oregon Country came strangely enough, not from the white settlers but from the Indians.

These dark-skinned children of the forest and mountains, these "original" Americans, had felt the influence of Catholic missionaries in the northeastern part of the US. Many had accepted the God of the "white skins" as a benevolent deity and, in many cases, had been baptized and become converts to the faith. From the Iroquois Nation the word spread to their brothers the plains Indians and from there to the northwestern Nez Perce and Flathead tribes in the Oregon country. In turn, these nations made four unsuccessful trips to St. Louis, Mo., asking that the Black Robes bring their book and their beads and their silver crosses back to the land of the mighty river of the west, to teach them about the Great White Father and the Infant Jesus and His Beautiful Virgin Mother. Although the four Indians who made that first long trip to St. Louis did arrive safely in that city in 1831, it was to prove tragic. The four Indian braves were received with dignity and acclaim, and were baptized and given instructions to take back with them to prepare their people for the coming of the Black Robes at some future time. Pathetically, two of those tribesmen, so sincere in their desire to hear of the white man's God, were stricken with a lung disease while still in St. Louis, a third was taken ill on the return trip and died before reaching his home, and the fourth, under great hardship, alone and broken-hearted, reached the Nez Perce and Flathead settlements months later.

By 1835, when still no Black Robes had arrived from St. Louis to lead their people in the faith they so desired, a second delegation headed east from the Oregon tribes, a father and his two sons. They too were welcomed, baptized and given instructions on their arrival in St. Louis, but, on the return trip, the father of the two young braves was killed by savage Sioux Indians, leaving the two young men to journey on, discouraged and anguished. Again, in 1837, Ignace, one of the sons of the murdered Indians, led four other Oregon Indians in an attempt to entreat the diocese of St. Louis to send them a priest to teach them the Bible and the way of the "Jesus God". At Ash Hollow on the Platte River, the loyal Ignace, the three Nez Perce and the Flathead all were massacred by the murderous Sioux.

One can readily imagine the disheartening effect this sad outcome had on the two Indian Nations so eager to learn of the white man's God. The youngest son of the Indian brave Ignace, slain on that second expedition to St. Louis must have had the courage, determination and faith of the early Christian martyrs. He and Pierre Gauche, a fellow tribesman, set out on still another attempt, the fourth such display of the desire for Christianity from their tribesmen. Luckily, the two Oregon tribesmen met up with a large party of mountain men and Father Piere Jean De Smet, S.J., bound for St. Louis, joining Father De Smet's expedition and travelling in safety.

Despite that courageous determination of the Indians, and, although the last two had reached St. Louis in safety, events to the north were taking shape that were to make their trip unnecessary, worse luck. However, it is gratifying to learn, that after an extended stay in St. Louis, Pierre Gauche and the young Indian lad reached their home tents safely on their return. No doubt it was with God's blessing, for soon, their dream of several years of discouraging results was soon to become a reality. But from a different source.

Strange it is, that after the discouragement of those months and years, from 1831 to 1838, when those brothers in Christ, the Indians, attempted to bring to the Oregon Country the word of the white man's God, that, instead, those first Catholic priests to the Oregon Territory, came not from St. Louis, but from the large Catholic settlements of Quebec, Canada. A heartbreak, yes, to those devoted Red men, whose hope and dream, over miles of mountain and desert wastes was tried, with death and frustration, and yet not accomplished.

Instead, it was to be this way.

It is recorded in those early writings, in 1838, not long after Pierre Gauche and the young Indian son of a murdered and martyred Indian chief, had made a fourth attempt to make their way to St. Louis asking for the Catholic priests to bring the word of God to Oregon, that the cry for such a priest finally found fertile soil in the Canadian provinces.

In 1838, His Grace, the Most Reverend J. Signay of the Quebec Chancery, saw fit to appoint one, the Rev. Francis Norbert Blanchet, to be Vicar General of the Oregon Territory. God's signal was given!

Father Blanchet, (how that name sounds a deep and resounding bell in the history of the west), was appointed by the Most Reverend J. Signay of the Quebec Diocese, to travel overland to the Oregon Territory, and to meet the Rev. Modeste Demers, in the little settlement of Red River, Canada, to the west, and to proceed with him to Fort Vancouver, Oregon Territory.

Do you begin to see the picture? Does the name of Father Demers strike a familiar note in this story?

But, first, we must go back to a day in May of that year 1838.

May 3rd, it was, when the ice had broken from the frozen wastes of the Canadian lakes and waterways, when a flotilla of graceful birchbark canoes of the Hudson Bay Fur Company shoved off from the shores of Quebec. Paddles dipped to the spirited songs of the voyageurs who were proud to have in their midst the august presence of the Rev. Francis Norbert Blanchet, newly appointed missionary priest of the great Northwest Territory of the United States.

The long journey from Quebec to Red River, Canada, where he was to join that intrepid little priest Modeste Demers, farthest west of the missionary priests, was 2100 miles by water, across icy lakes and strenuous portages by July.

Surprisingly, in July, they were there at the designated time, thanks to those brawny-armed boatmen who dipped their paddles to sometimes ribald rhythms of "Alouette" and "Mon Pettit Chou" as they traversed those lonely waterways across the last frontier, 2025 miles to where the "Shining Mountains" raised their rocky heights

into western skies. At the edge of the mountains, canoes were cached, and horses traded from the Indians supplied the travellers with further transportation. When the dangerous slopes became too steep, the men and the two rugged priests proceeded on foot, splitting the heavy loads of the pack horses to relieve them for the difficult ascent to the top of the pass over those high altitudes and endless snows, until they reached the western slope. The first Mass west of the Rocky Mountains was said at 3 a.m., Oct. 10, 1838, by Father Blanchet and his faithful assistant Father Demers. There on that windswept slope, with the awesome rocky peaks rising majestically around them as far as the eye could see, a tiny altar was erected, and in the starlight before dawn, Father Blanchet dedicated the inspiring mountains to the God who created them. It had been five months since he had left Quebec.

But, although the most difficult part of the journey was behind them, and their trek was almost over, their journey was not over, yet. The vast desert lands of sand and sagebrush lay before them until they reached the shores of the mighty river of the west. Somewhere, near the Big Bend in the Columbia River, the two intrepid priests, assured that they were "sure enough" in Oregon Territory, knelt in a pretty flowered meadow on the river slopes said their prayers of thanksgiving to God and kissed the ground of the Northwest, dedicating their lives and souls "to whatever God would require of them in the great field of endeavor upon which they were entering, to the glory of His Name." Subsequently, at the Big Bend of the river, the first Mass in the Northwest was said at the camp the voyageurs made for the night while campfires where their evening meal was simmering furnished the light.

That great but treacherous waterway that was to furnish the last leg of their trip to Fort Vancouver proved both beneficial and frustrating. In places, its swift currents bore the slender birchbark canoes along at a faster pace than they had yet experienced on their westward journey, but at times, it thrust up beetling rocks and white water rapids, whirlpools and sudden steep falls, which meant laborious portaging of canoes and supplies on backs, as the horses they had obtained from the Indians east of the mountains were now assigned over to the western Indians of Oregon, to be pastured and watered for the return trip of the Canadian voyageurs in the spring. This meant back-tracking up steep trails and along dizzy precipices, until they could again launch their canoes in quieter waters. They had no trouble with the Indians, who appeared in great numbers from their villages along the river to greet the Black Robes and to receive their blessings, but these continued halts in that last part so near the end of the journey could not be ignored, they told their boatmen, so impatient to be on their way. Time must be taken to receive graciously the gifts of these delighted children of God, offerings of food, deer and otter skins, moccasins and buckskin shirts. In turn, the Indians gratefully received the blessings of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost (the latter always a much more acceptable and understandable part of the Trinity to the Indians than to his white brothers.)

The journey, almost seven months after it had left Quebec, ended on the green meadow below Fort Vancouver, Nov. 24, 1838.

But Fort Vancouver was ready for them! In more ways than one!

DID YOU KNOW THAT. . .

. . . Three weeks after his ordination, Father Francis X. Prefontaine left New York by steamer around Cape Horn to the Pacific Coast, arriving at the mouth of the Columbia River in 1864? He went directly to Fort Stevens, where he stayed a few weeks before continuing on his journey to Puget Sound.

. . . Father Toussaint Mesplie, before he became a pioneer missionary in Idaho, opened a mission among the Chinook Indians at the mouth of the Columbia. He not only attended the various tribes in this area, but also the Catholic fur traders at Fort Astoria.

"The Black Robes Have Come!"

News had arrived by Indian runners, relayed by mysterious signals all along the way as the travellers made their way west. "The Black Robes are coming! The Black Robes are two moons away!" "One moon away!" "At the Big Bend of the river!" "Above the falls!" "The Black Robes come. They are here! They are here!"

Beside the whole populace of the fort that rushed down to the river shore that day when the long string of canoes was sighted coming downriver, there were large numbers of Indians with the squaws and papooses. From the little settlements on the Willamette river to the south, French Prairie, Champoeg, St. Paul, from isolated log cabin farms dotting the lush river valleys, visitors had been arriving for days, pitching tents and making camp by the fort, its capacity soon taxed, so that there was "no room at the inn".

It was a joyous celebration that continued for several days. marriages were performed, followed by baptisms of young and old, confessions were heard and the long awaited Masses were so crowded they were held outside the fort in the open meadow at the forest's edge, before the visiting families broke camp and departed in their canoes or wagons for home. All this must have been an arduous task for Father Blanchet and Father Demers who confessed they were "a bit weary" from the long trek west. But they refused to listen to the advice of those at the fort to take a long rest before starting their duties. The two devoted priests had "come to the Oregon Country to carry out the Lord's work, hadn't they?" asked Blanchet and Demers, so work they would, without further delay.

Arriving, as they did, in November, with the time of long rains ahead of them and the Holy Days and Christmas season approaching, there was plenty of work for the two. Father Blanchet and his assistant Demers, with native guides, travelled through the mist-wrapped forests under dripping branches, along mountain trails to carry the word of God to scattered settlers and Indians camps. Sometimes they travelled together, sometimes branching off singly, later to traverse the waterways of the Columbia and its peaceful tributaries, the Willamette and Tualatin to Oregon City above the falls of the Willamette, and to the other few little river towns that had sprung up here and there. At the French Canadian settlement of French Prairie, they dedicated the log church, the first church west of the northwest territory, that had been started when word first arrived that Father Blanchet was headed west months before.

The tireless work of the two priests to the Oregon Territory continued during the ensuing months that they were stationed at the Protestant Fort Vancouver. The Chief Factor of the Fort, Dr. John McLoughlin raised a Presbyterian, according to the faith of his Scottish ancestors, was most considerate of the dedicated work of the two Catholic fathers, giving them every assistance, allowing no intolerance among the several religious followings of those in the Oregon Territory . . . the Methodist missions at Wailapu and Walla Walla, the Scotch Presbyterians, and the Catholics, finally, now. Early records of this benevolent and beloved leader of those early settlers of all faiths in the new land of the west, was the fact that he became a Catholic convert due to the conversion of his devout Indian

wife, who was an important and devoted partner of her husband in shaping the development of this corner of the new United States. The fact remains, that the two Catholic priests, Father Blanchet and Father Demers, were unhindered in their diligence in spreading the word of God according to the tenets of their faith, penetrating the mountain fastnesses, the deep forests and lonely reaches and waterways, seeking out lonely cabins, pioneer settlements and Indian villages to give all those who asked, the instructions and comforting promise of God's word, thus gaining the respect, reverence and love of all those who needed and wanted this special grace.

You may wonder, you who read this bit of history, what all this has to do with St. Mary Catholic Church, Astoria. It serves, we hope, to form a background for events later that directly influenced the start of a mission here, and other details and factors that, although they may seem unimportant incidents at the time of their happening, led up to and thus had some direct result on the religious life in this little waterfront community, from that first mission up to the present time of our church's 100th anniversary.

Historians find sparse reports of the first visit to Astoria of a Catholic priest, Father Demers. In fact, those earliest records kept by Father Blanchet of his work and that of Father Demers from Fort Vancouver, were not only sparse, but written in French, to repose in the stacks of historic records in the Diocesan archives in Oregon City for many years before they were drawn out and translated.

However, it doesn't take much imagination on the part of anyone interested in that day in May when Catholicism first stepped ashore at Astoria, to realize that it was a day of great importance and consequence to the little log fort and its scattering of buildings and homes built by those hardy settlers as they cleared the land. Old one-eyed Chief Comcomly, leader of the Chinooks across river was well versed in the arts of diplomacy, showing his interest in the Black Robe by showering him with gifts of precious sea otter skins and beaver pelts soon after his arrival. The impact of his visit to the lower Columbia area can scarcely be measured by the amount of time Father Demers spent here. Actually, it was only three weeks! But this was the only time Father Blanchet could spare him for this first visit to the "end of the river" before his canoes pointed their slender prows up river, bound for the larger fort to the east and to join Father Blanchet in the continuing mission work that still lay before them. But that first visit was a comfort, despite its brevity, to the Catholics and their dark-skinned "brothers" of the lower Columbia just to know that there were priests in the Oregon Territory, buoying their hopes that more would be coming in the near future.

It would prove a long wait, sadly enough, for those first Astorians and the Indian converts before a Catholic priest was assigned to this isolated community with its log fort, its scattered cabins and its Indian lodges. At least, to the "residents of Astoria" 10 years seemed like a long wait.

The Mysterious Ship

An incident, which had no influence, but quite some impact upon the little fur-trading community of Fort Astoria, should be noted here, if you will bear with us, and some of you, it is certain, will be glad you did. It has to do with the first arrival in the northwest of Catholic Sisters, no less.

It was the year 1843 when a far-sighted Jesuit priest, Father Peter De Smet, S.J. raised enough money in Europe to outfit a ship with blankets and Bibles, school supplies and surplices to be sent to the new far-flung Catholic missions of the Northwest Territory of the United States of America. Sympathy for this new, undeveloped land and the devoted priests and parishioners was building up in the central European countries, strongholds of Catholicism, so the ardent Demers had little trouble in raising the money for his project. Granted, it was a tremendous undertaking for one enthusiastic young French priest. But it caught the interest of those European Catholics, due, not only to his fervent appeal, but because reports had reached these loyal defenders of the faith of the need for Catholic missions in the new world, an appealing aura added to that new and distant country which was just opening up, and its growing desire for help for its people, both red and white who were "of the faith."

Little can be found of the trials of that long voyage across the stormy winter Atlantic crossing, south around Cape Horn, where many stalwart merchant ships had been lost, up the west coast of South America and North America, where icy storms, driving, hurricane-like winds and then tropic heat kept them below decks when no breeze stirred to fill the sails to cool the passengers, or to speed the gallant little ship, christened "The Infatigable" by Father De Smet, on its way. And who, beside the hardy crew of indiscriminate origin and purpose, were the passengers on this first shipload from Europe to the great Northwest Catholic missions? Listen, now, and heed! Out of the Netherlands, bound for the Oregon Territory, were aboard with Father De Smet, four fellow Jesuit priests and six Sisters of the Notre Dame du Namur! If that fact, alone, doesn't prick your imagination as to what hardship those first Catholic Sisters assigned to the Northwest Oregon Country suffered on that long, arduous voyage, you can't be blessed with an imagination.

Maybe it was the faith and devotion of Father De Smet. Whatever, the gallant little ship with its bawdy crew, its intrepid captain, its load of supplies and those brave priests and six little Sisters edged its way up the coast of California, and after six months, true to its name, sighted the Oregon coast. No small credit is due that courageous captain of the vessel and its non-descript crew, that they made that winter crossing of the stormy Atlantic, rounded treacherous Cape Horn, sailed the tropic winds and sun of the South American coast and up its coast to Mexican California. What a welcome sight, after the rocky coasts of South America and bare brown hills of California were the cool green forested slopes of Oregon! And, while giving credit to that ship's captain, let's not forget, we who know the treacheries of the Columbia River bar, to allot even more praise to that unnamed skipper. Here the dangerous and shifting shoals and sands of the entrance of the Columbia River have claimed many ships, and has thus attained the

name of "The Graveyard of the Pacific" not only in those early days but in modern days, as of today.

C. E. Pickett, in a book he published in 1904, says that he was visiting two old friends in Astoria, Col. McClure and J.M. Shively. Col. McClure had taken up a claim of 640 acres on which was the lower or main portion of the town, and Shively had an adjoining claim to the east, including Fort Astoria. Late in the afternoon July 1, 1844, Pickett and Shively left McClure's "house in the bight" to go to his cabin in the forest on the upper part of his claim. As they got out in mid-stream of the river where the mouth of the river could be seen, they observed a vessel coming over the bar. Pickett related: "Since neither the semi-annual arrival of the Hudson Bay Company's vessels nor the annual one belonging to Cushing and Co. of Boston was then due, and it being a rare event for any other ship to put into the then solitude of that river, we concluded it to be a whaler." Pickett, McClure and Shively watched the small sailing ship maneuver amidst the treacherous sand bars and shoals "with much solicitude" for the safety of the ship. Strangely, the ship did not alter its course toward Baker's Bay on the north side of the river where the deeper channel was then, but, with its prow headed toward the fort, its sails still full, seemed to drop anchor. The three men watched the "seemly stranded vessel" until it was too dark to see, and then arrived at McCure's cabin near the fort, retired after dinner. "We slept little that night, thinking that the craft was inevitably wrecked. Rolling out of our blankets the next morning, and after a breakfast of salmon, bread, potatoes and yarb tea we started afoot over the hills to get the Indians at the village with their large canoes to go to the rescue of the supposed shipwrecked mariners. When we reached the summit of the hill, behold! There was the ship just coming in to anchor at Fort George (Astoria). Hastening down I got a canoe and was the first person aboard. On reaching the deck, I was met by the captain, who then introduced me to the famous Catholic Missionary, Father De Smet and his reinforcement of Priests and Sisters whom he had gone to Europe to fetch out. These were the first Catholic Sisters to arrive on the Pacific Coast."

When Pickett informed the captain and Father De Smet how concerned he and his friends had been when they first spotted the boat coming across the dangerous bar and then its unusual entrance to the river itself, the captain confessed he had no pilot, charts or other navigational guides to assist him in those uncharted waters. He had sent a small boat ahead to "heave the lead" to determine the water's depth, but had found deep water all the way, and after dropping anchor off Point Adams for the night, had proceeded on their way along the south channel until they reached the fort. Was there a Divine Pilot that stood at the helm with the courageous captain guiding him through those lurking shoals and sands to the heretofore unknown deep waters on this side of the river? There were many incredulous residents of this little town when they learned the story that day. "How did the captain, a stranger to this port and to its murderous bar at the river's entrance clear of those shifting sands and shoals? And then to discover a deeper channel clear of such hazards, where no ship had dared to sail before! Was he just darned lucky, or DID some Divine Providence guide the captain's

hand on the wheel that day?" Whatever the opinion among those doubting Thomases or those who accepted the miracles that come to assist those of the Faith, one thing was certain. Author Pickett cryptically relates in his book: "Thus was discovered the south channel of the river, which was used as the preferable one from then on."

This bit of research from an early day author serves to illustrate an amazing report of navigation. But the account does not dwell on the subsequent excitement that the arrival of Father De Smet and the little Catholic Sisters on their unannounced visit to Astoria. Every arrival of Black Robes to this lonely little outpost was cause for a celebration, planned days in advance as Indian runners sped the news. But women Black Robes! That really created a furor. As Father De Smet and his fellow Jesuit priests stepped ashore, they were followed by a long boat of female Black Robes to the amazement of both the white settlers and the Indians alike. It was a bright mid-summer day when those six Catholic nuns, the first to make the long trip by sea down the coast of South America, around Cape Horn, up the coast of South America and North America to the mouth of the Mighty River of the West.

And those first Catholic Nuns to set foot in Astoria. . . what was their reaction after those long months of winter storms on the Atlantic, confined amidship, and then in the blistering heat and long days of calm under tropic skies with no refreshing wind to billow the sails or cool their brows, to be

confined again. Not to be able to go ashore at friendly ports, not to see or converse with any but those aboard?

Needless, to say, after standing off the coast of California, with its bare brown hills, the sight of the green Oregon coast was like a blessing to them. And when they came ashore at Astoria, the sight of tall, wide-branched evergreens rising to the sky on the slopes above the fort, the vinemapsles in lacy leaf, the willows rustling in the river breeze, the wealth of wild flowers and blossoming shrubs must have given those little Sisters a "glimpse of Heaven" in their first "ashore" in the new world. It was with much rejoicing that they attended the Mass that first day ashore, celebrated by Father De Smet and his Fellow Jesuits for a crowd that jammed the open meadow by the fort, overflowing to the slopes above.

The spacious home of James Birnie, one of the early factors of the Hudson Bay Company (Fort Astoria was then, briefly, in the hands of the English after the war of 1812) was where the six Catholic nuns were housed during their stay here. The "spacious home of the Birnies" probably had something to do with the fact that that family had six young daughters, who were happy to triple up and give over their pretty log cabin bedrooms to the weary Sisters. And, early accounts from Hudson Bay annals report, "the six daughters of the Birnies were completely captivated by those six Catholic Nuns, the first to step foot in the Oregon Territory."

Did You Know That

. . . Father Modeste Demers, first of the pioneer priests to come to Astoria, and who lived and taught among the Chinook Indians, was a noted linguist? Fr. Demers became famous as a scholar of the Chinook language, or "jargon" as it was called, an off-shoot from the native tongue of the Indians of the Northwest Territory from the North shores of the Columbia to Nootka Sound in Canada. This native tongue of the northwest Indians had felt the influence of the French Canadian fur traders to this territory, and then later, of the English, the Scotch and the American mountain men who followed the footsteps of Daniel Boone and other trail-blazers from the bloody ground of Kentucky and then across the plains to the west coast. These white fur traders, who rendezvoused from the Platte River to the Stillwater and the Snake to the far, far western lands of the beaver and the otter every year, had difficulty "twisting their tongues" to imitate the difficult guttural pronunciations of the far western Chinooks. Likewise, the Indians had their own difficulties to adjust to the words of their white brothers. So each came up with their own versions of "the next closest thing," thus resulting in a strange hodge-podge mixture of words that weird and wonderful, nonetheless, served well to establish a means of communication among the

white traders and the Indians. When that beloved first Black Robe to Astoria from Fort Vancouver arrived here and established himself among the lodges of the Indians, he forthright, made a study of the language, and on his return to Fort Vancouver, preached his first sermon to the Indians at Fort Vancouver IN THE CHINOOK JARGON, much to the surprise and delight of his Indian congregation. He then translated the Christian prayers as well as a useful catechism of the church's doctrine and carried on the canticles, which the Indian converts learned to sing, in their own language, with exuberance and joy. His most extensive work, however, as a Christian scholar and a linguist, was to translate in full length, mind you, of the Proclamation by Pope Pius IX of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. This Latin text followed by its translation in "Chinook," was printed in New York and remains, to this day, one of the outstanding historic literary works of the Catholic Church in America. And, although it is probably not as important to our Faith, but of most importance in the annals of historians throughout the northwest and from here to Washington, D.C., is the complete and studious and accepted dictionary of the Chinook language compiled and written by this devoted little priest, Father Modeste Demers!

In 1849, a decade after Father Demer's three-week visit here, Father J. Lionet, another French Canadian priest, was assigned to the lower Columbia. Although he was assigned to the little white settlement on this side of the river, he preferred to pitch his tent on the north shore among the Indian lodges, convinced that his work was with "those dark children of the forests". They were so eager to learn of the white man's God, listening as their interpreters (often the French-Canadian batteau-men who had learned the Chinook language) relayed with descriptive sign language the story of the Heavenly Father who loved all his earthly children so much that He sent His Own Son down to earth to spread his word of love and forgiveness, with its reassuring promise of a life forever after in that "happy hunting ground beyond

the skies", for those who believed in Him and accepted His Word. Unlike the savage, warlike Plains Indians, those of the northwest country were gentle, peaceful people, and they loved to hear the story, their dark eyes aglow with interest and understanding, of the Nativity and the simple shepherds of the hills coming to see the Babe in the lowly manger under the great Christmas star. "Yes, they had seen that star many times during the months of the snows!" they gestured excitedly. Now they knew what it was and what it meant. . . the birth of the Saviour of all the earth. They accepted with warm welcome the story of the Blessed Virgin, so pure and beautiful, who bore the Son of God in such a miraculous way through the Spirit of the Holy Ghost, who incidentally was a special favorite of these dusky coverts.

Blanchet of Oregon

It was in the fall of that same year, 1851, when a flotilla of canoes, paddles flashing in the bright autumn sun, pushed off from Oregon City headed for the confluence of the Willamette and Columbia rivers, then downstream to this settlement. They were bearing His Reverence, Archbishop of Oregon Territory, Francis Norbert Blanchet on his first visit to Astoria! And affording Astoria its first opportunity to play host to a Catholic archbishop!

Down the sun-bright river currents the canoes swept swiftly each day, stopping to camp on wooded shores at night. Along the banks, willows hung out golden pennants and the Indian summer foliage of vine maple and huckleberry flamed scarlet and orange against the dark background of evergreens. Here and there, in little coves and inlets on meadows rimmed by steep cliffs, log cabin farms showed that the harvest was in. Cornfields looked like miniature Indian villages, their drying stalks stacked "teepee" fashion, and on the ground pumpkin patches repeated the color of the sunsets flaming over the river. Smoke rose straight in the clear bright air from the stone chimneys of the log settlement at Astoria, for, although the autumn suns are warm in the Oregon country, the nights grow "crisp around the edges."

Not only was it the harvest season, but it was the height of the hunting season, and the fall run of salmon had brought in its own "harvest". So, bright firesides were swung with "kittles" of venison stew, roasts of elk backstrap, and salmon baked over the coals. Loaves of hot bread spread with huckleberry and elderberry jam, put up by the housewives after the children brought home brimming pails from the surrounding berry patches. . . all were ready for the very auspicious visitor and his accompanying party on their arrival. And with the crowd of well wishers, gathered from every isolated settlement in the area, stood the Red Men, silent in their awe at the sight of such a high prince of the church, eagerly awaiting his word and to present him with their offerings. It must have been an awesome and inspiring scene for His Reverence, too! Because there was still no proper Catholic Church in Astoria town, services were held in the largest dwelling. Archbishop Blanchet's record of that first visit to Astoria are preserved in the archives of the Catholic Chancery now in Portland, and in safekeeping at the parish house in Astoria. The names of those six persons baptized and the two couples he married are recorded for all history to see.

DID YOU KNOW THAT

. . . Capt. James Johnson, one of the earliest Columbia River Pilots, who had his large home built high on a promontory near Cape Disappointment Light House, became a Catholic convert and was baptized by Archbishop Blanchet here in Astoria when His Excellency paid an extended visit here in 1851? Also James T. Kipling was baptized at the same service, and then His Excellency joined in marriage James Kipling and Elizabeth, and John McClure and Louisia. Both brides were natives of the Chehalis Indian tribe.

"We Will have a Church!"

It is with relief and gratitude that the year 1867 provides data with which our story can proceed.

The fall of that year, October, in fact, when the forest lands and rocky slopes along the river blazed with the flaming colors of vine-maple, alder and huckleberry that one Father Patrick Gibney, appointed by the Archdiocese to take charge of St. Michael's Mission, arrived in Astoria. Remember that the mission had been designated as St. Michael's but as yet there was no Catholic church here. Services were set up in whatever building had ample space to accommodate the crowds of worshippers, but there was a definite need and much talk back and forth among the disgruntled mission members. The time was ripe. Astoria must have a church. The ball was set in motion . . . but not by whom you would suppose. The Indians? No, guess again! The white settlers? Not really. They were a group of white men, to be sure, but actual settlers, no (although some of them did settle here later). They were the soldiers stationed, temporarily of course, at Fort Stevens at the mouth of the Columbia west of Astoria, built during the Civil War in great haste and, as hastily garrisoned, to protect this northern territory and the river's mouth against the threat of Southern ships that might be commissioned to enter these waters and seize the territory for the Confederacy.

Collect your wandering thoughts, reader, and come to attention, as they say in military language, for here starts the very meat and bones, the birth-pains of that first Catholic Church, Astoria's St. Mary, Star of the Sea, which, in this year of Our Lord 1974, is celebrating its 100th Anniversary!

Gratitude and appreciation must be given to the man who had the presence of mind to preserve it. That gentleman, The Honorable Thomas Dealey the treasurer of "the city of Astoria" had received a carefully worded document officially making written request for a Catholic Church in Astoria.

And the amount raised by these first contributors added up to \$257!

As might be expected, this sum was ear-marked for the building of a church by a handful of rough and tumble army men, many of them "wild Irishmen." Contributions, spurred by the encouraging act of the soldier boys, came in from the residents of Astoria and surrounding areas. Although Army pay made none of these Artillery men affluent, it was at least a steady income, something not evident among the majority of regular residents. Money was a scarce item among the hard-working Catholic people here in those days, and families had to be fed, something which the young soldiers didn't have to worry about. One of the first names of those townspeople donors was that of The Hon. Thomas Dealey himself. When the sum reached \$350, the Oregon Diocese was notified and promptly, the Rev. J.F. Fierens of Portland, was named to head a committee in Astoria, composed of a group of prominent businessmen and, of course, the 36 original donors from Fort Stevens, to purchase property on which a church would be built.

The plot of land for that first Catholic Church in Astoria, was purchased by that committee, composed, as we now know, of those original donors, soldiers from Fort Stevens and a group of businessmen from Astoria, from J.M. Shively himself, who owned a great portion of what is now central Astoria. Located on land bordered by the newly plotted streets of 14th and 15th, Grand and

Irving (Harrison wasn't cut through at this point), it still remains the same land owned by the Catholic parish of this town. Possibly because, it was high on the hill above the main part of town, with a few scattered homes around it, with no streets as yet laid through, only meager dirt roads and towering fir trees, it was offered at "a nominal price."

The ground was cleared, by the brawn and breath of those hardy, devoted young soldiers under the supervision of their swashbuckling Irish sergeant, felling trees, cutting dense brush, pulling stumps, and, with pick and shovel crews, grading the sloping hillside plot, so that it was ready for the building crews when they arrived. And don't think that this didn't present problems! The wagonloads of lumber destined for the new church had to be pulled by sweating, huffing horses drawing wagons up those deeply rutted roads during the winter rains that made quagmires of those dirt roads. But the work progressed, nonetheless, due partly to the brawn of those military men from Fort Stevens and many residents of the community, equally dedicated, who continued to build that first little church.

So, here, on the high slopes above the sprawling waterfront town, which was born of a fur traders' fort, rose the graceful, dainty edifice amid the tall dark encircling fir trees, marking for all to see, the first Catholic Church in Astoria. It was noted, and we should also remember, that, one "S.N. Arrigoni and his estimable wife aided very materially in the building of the church."

The only available and authentic record of the opening of the new church in the archives of the chancery reads as follows:

"On Sunday, the 11th day of October, being the 20th after Pentecost, in the year of Our Lord 1874, the first Catholic Church in Astoria, Clatsop County, Oregon, was blessed and dedicated to the service of God by His Grace Francis Norbert Blanchet, Archbishop of Oregon City, assisted by the Very Reverend John Fierens V.G., and the Reverend Patrick Gibney. Pontifical High Mass was sung, His Grace, the Archbishop ponticating. The Rev. Fierens preached the sermon. The music was furnished by a choir from the Cathedral in Portland."

We know what you are thinking. Sparse of detail and limited in its recording of so important an event to the Catholic community here, for which they had waited so long, and which, now, was a reality, fails to fill in the details. Needless to say, sometime, during the dedicational ceremony of such importance to Astoria, Archbishop Blanchet remembered to express his gratitude, and that of the townspeople, to the rows of suntanned young Army men, all "spit and polish" in neatly pressed khaki, dismissed from duty at the fort, to attend that first Mass. For it was due to those men, stationed at the first US military establishment in the Northwest Territory, to their determination and devotion to the faith (and back-breaking efforts) that the Church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea, rose, like a slender white finger pointing to heaven above the dark trees.

Father Gibney, who assisted the Archbishop and Father Fierens to offer that first Mass in the new church, was placed in charge of the parish of St. Mary Star of the Sea (formerly St. Michael's Mission) as its first parish priest, remaining here, from that memorable day in October 1874 until September 1875, when the Rev. Patrick Mackin arrived to replace him.

First Series On Sunday Oct 13th 1867

The undersigned Members of "Battery H"
2^d V. Artillery do Subscribe the Sum set opposite
Our respective names for the Building of a Roman Catholic
Church in Astoria Oregon.

Timothy Hart	Paid	\$ 20.00
Thomas Dealey	Paid	\$ 20.00
Mr. Ferguson	+ Paid	5.00
John Drake	Paid	20.00
Jan. Ready	Paid Dec 15 th 1867	10.
Mary Elgers	+ Paid	5.
William Henry		5.
Andrew J. Madigan	Paid Dec 15 th 1867	5.
William Kingsley	Paid Dec 15 th 1867	5.
A. Harpke	Paid	5.
J. Carter	Paid Dec 15 th 1867	10.
David Burringer	Protestant x Paid	5.
Edward Kane	Paid Dec 15 th 1867	5.
John Murphy	Paid Dec 15 th 1867	10.
Harry Miller	Paid Dec 15 th 1867	5.
Thomas Fear	Paid Dec 15 th 1867	5.
James Sullivan	Paid Dec 15 th 1867	10.
John Wilson	Paid	5.
Michael Denny	Paid Dec 15 th 1867	10.
Hugh Doyle	Paid Dec 15 th 1867	5.
Michael Lawler	Paid Dec 15 th	10.
John Smith	Paid Paid	5.
Patrick Spellman	Paid Dec 15 th 1867	5.
John Ryan	Paid Dec 15 th 1867	5.



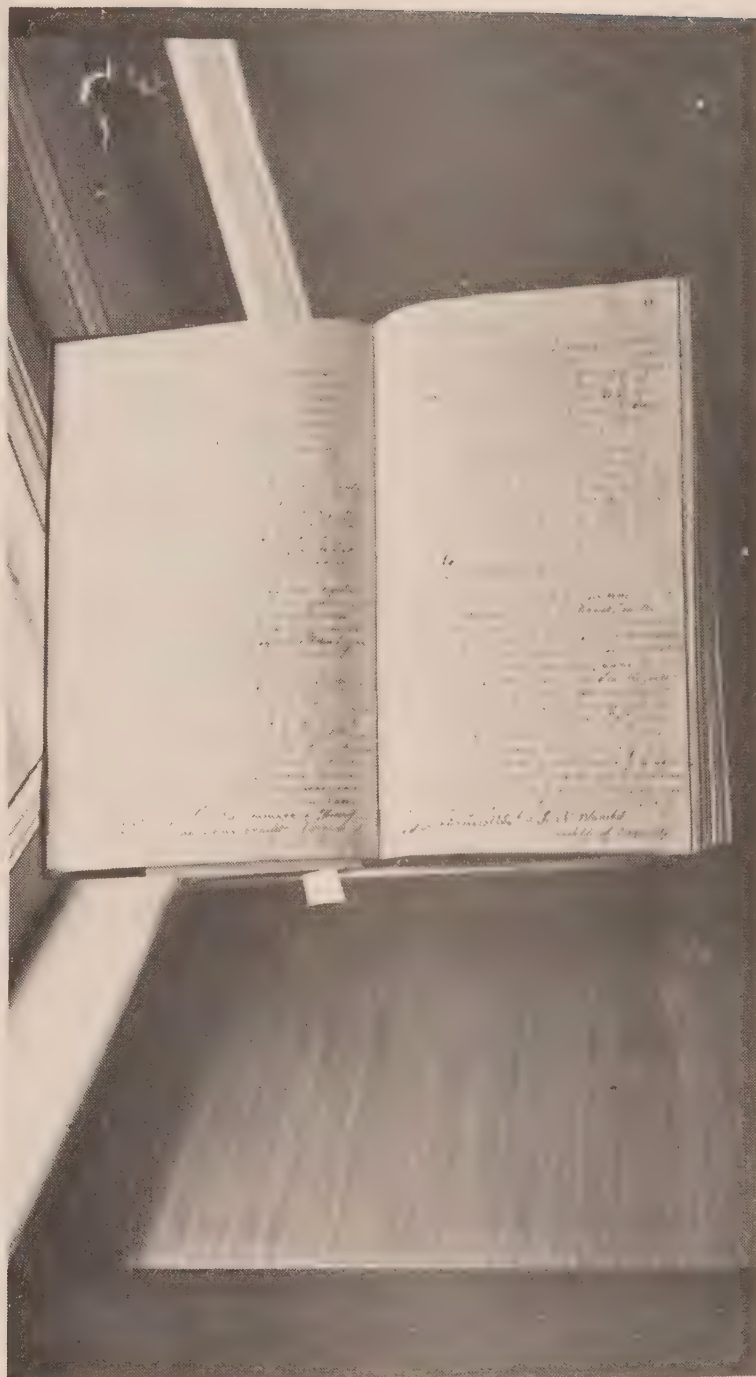
St. Mary, Star of the Sea
Dedicated by Archbishop Francis N. Blanchet
October 11, 1874

This sketch of St. Mary, Star of the Sea Church
was done by Betty Morrison Moran in commemoration
of the Centennial, 1974.

.....The first baptisms in the pioneer Catholic
Church here were Rose Fox, by Fr. Gibney; and
Marv Ellen Welch, sponsored by Mr. and Mrs. John
Moore, by Fr. Mackin?



Most Reverend Francis N. Blanchet
Archbishop of Oregon City (Portland)
 He dedicated the first Catholic church
 in Astoria, October 11, 1874



Archbishop Blanchet's
Entry In Parish Record

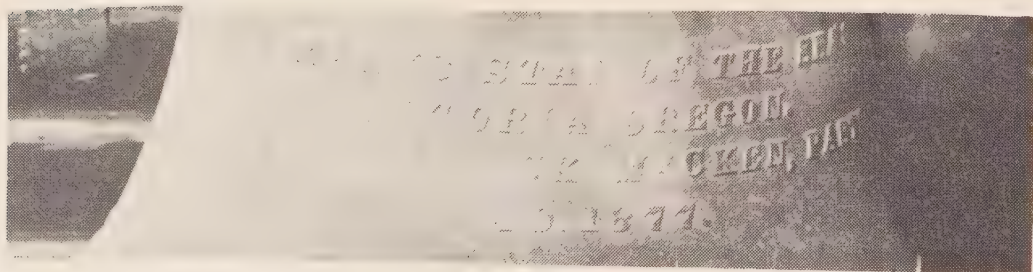
Bell of St. Mary



The Bell Of St. Mary

Father Mackin is best remembered by old timers during his three-year stay here for having been the one who promoted "the bell of St. Mary." Although the front of the new church ended at rooftop in a pointed spire, there was no belfry as yet, because there was no bell. Inspired by the genial Irish priest, who worried at this lack of "voice for the church," funds came in from many sources, even from outside the immediate parish. A church without a bell, how now? But when the great bronze bell arrived by boat, it was too large and too heavy to fit any belfry the little church could physically support. Undaunted, and too grateful for the massive item, the result of the generosity of its subscribers, the people of the parish, led by Fr. Mackin, erected a staunch scaffold strong enough to support it on the little bluff just behind the church. From here, its deep tones rang out over the town below as the sun rose over Saddle Mountain, and at vespers, when autumn sunsets swept the northwest skies with blazing color. Likewise, when roaring sou'westers blew in from the sea, or when its strident voice was muted by river fogs that hid the town below, the bell of St. Mary summoned the faithful to worship, to funerals and weddings, reminding the forgetful of Holy Days of Obligation, and pealing out the glad tidings of Christmas and Easter tides, also adding joyful clamor to the town's observances of the New Year and the Nation's birthday, July 4. It was one busy bell!

Following the three-year term of Fr. Mackin, the Rev. Mathias Orth was placed in charge of our parish, remaining from July 1878 until June 1879, just less than a year. An interim pastor, the Rev. Victor Capelle, a French-Canadian, came to fill in until the arrival downriver of one of the most influential and beloved of those early parish priests, the Rev. Leopold Dielman.



... The first marriage performed in the First Catholic Church in Astoria by Fr. Mackin joined Edward Freeman and Julia Shea? Their sponsors were O. Sovey, William Church and Maria Shea.

Priest with a Purpose

A native of the city of Ghent in Flanders, Belgium, one of 12 children whose father was on the military staff of the great general, Napoleon, his boyhood was devoted to studies that would fit him for a more noble career, that of the church.

Following his graduation from the University of Louvain, where he was a classmate of Archbishop Riordan and Bishop Spalding, he came to America as a missionary priest to Nevada, California, Oregon and Idaho, before they became states, eagerly accepting the hardships of this life in the remote lands of the far west with a devotion and zeal that endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. As early as 1862, when he arrived in Oregon, General Crook, one of the commanders of the Pacific Forces during the War Between the States, repeatedly tried to persuade Fr. Dielman to accept the appointment of regimental chaplain, but, each time this post was declined.

Perhaps the most important contribution from this little Belgian came about soon after his arrival on August 20, 1879. With an eagle eye, he scanned the church records and found that there was "considerable indebtedness on the parish books" . . . \$1000, to be exact, and a sizable amount for those days. Tut! Tut! The thrifty Belgian soul of Fr. Dielman just couldn't stand by and let this fact be ignored. So, he set about wiping out the debt, and wipe it out he did in two years! What's more, he managed to keep the church free of debt for the 20 years of service here. Nor did this mean that he sat back and neglected the physical growth of the church property. For one thing, 14th and 15th streets bordering the church plot, as they do today, were graded and improved and opened "to traffic." Old-timers can remember when the homes on the east side of 15th Street were situated on a high bank level with the roadway from Irving north down the hill and opposite the church. This ravine dividing the road from the church was filled and widened level with the church, leaving those homes high above the downhill street but making easier access to the church itself. When the land directly behind the present church was thus brought level with the street, affording a large area behind the site of the present church as a favorite playground for the youngsters of the neighborhood. The same was done for 14th Street, just west of the present school, leaving the lots across the street on a high bank. This necessitated considerable bulkheading for this

second playground, thus creating a problem that was to harass the parish and nearby residents in years to come.

We must realize that in those earlier days, the hillsides of Astoria were still in their natural covering of trees and brush, salal and elderberry thickets, traversed by myriad little brooks, born on the hill above at the Pioneer Cemetery, in the old rock quarry above where Clatsop College now has its imposing buildings, and also on Coxcomb Hill. These streams continued on their merry, chattering way down the hillsides "to join the brimming river," cascading over bluffs and promontories into graceful, sparkling waterfalls, and filling the occasional cup-like hollows, thus forming small ponds to the delight of little boys in the neighborhood. These youthful "navigators" gathered scraps and bits of lumber and tree branches to raft their way on voyages "across the Seven Seas," to those far lands of adventure that lurked in the boyhood dreams of those who grew up on the shores of the mighty river that led to the sea. Although attempts were made in those days to dam the streams and then drain them, those early city fathers must not have heeded the advice of engineers, for despite precautions, the determined little streams continued to spout out again, here and there, finding other channels and causing no end of damage to residential bulkheads, including the one of the elevated playground across the street from where now stands Star of the Sea School, on 14th and Grand. Finally controlled by modern underground culverts, their damaging element was less troublesome, although their merry gurgling (and roar, during spring freshets) can still be heard in some places beneath the ground. After the playground bulkhead had given way several times, the rampant little stream was "put under control," the playground was sold, the ground was graded to street level for the building of an apartment house. Progress is demanding, but gone are the streams that sparkled their way down the hills singing their water songs, and gone the boyhood dreams of yesteryear.

But let's go back to the early 1880's, when Father Dielman had the worrisome detail of having bulkheads repaired or rebuilt. He met this problem, as he did with any others confronting him or his parish whenever such "extra" duties presented themselves.

. . . On one of his visits to offer Mass at the John Leahy home in Olney for Catholics in that "remote" area, Father Dielman brought Eulalia Leahy a gift, her first jointed doll? Fr. Dielman called Eulalia his "little Spanish girl" because of the name taken in baptism.



Former Arrigoni Hotel became Astoria's first hospital.
Sisters of Providence began their work in 1880.

House of Mercy

Constantly ambitious to improve the life of his parishioners and their community, Father Dielman believed this frontier town beside the river needed more refining influences to offset some of the rougher aspects typical of all waterfront areas. One of these, he decided, was the need for a hospital where the sick and injured could be cared for and where the dying could be given proper respect and comfort in their last days on earth.

With this in mind, Fr. Dielman lost no time in embarking upriver to Vancouver to request the Sisters of Providence of Charity, headed by that pioneer, historic hospital supervisor, Mother Joseph, and her assisting Sister nurses at St. Joseph Hospital, to help him start such a house of mercy in Astoria. As a result of Fr. Dielman's heartening plea, the request was agreed upon, and on July 3, 1880, Mother Joseph of the Sacred Heart arrived in Astoria to work with Fr. Dielman in the gigantic project of getting a hospital started.

On the bank above the river's edge, between Duane and Exchange on 15th and 16th stood one of the first residential or family hotels in Astoria, its view balconies on its river side allowing the guests

to enjoy the wide vista of water and hills to the north, and cool river breezes during the summer. It was built by a Mr. Arrigoni, the same generous contributor to the financing of our first church, and named, appropriately The Arrigoni Hotel. The lower floor housed the Wells Fargo office and storerooms, while an outside, partially covered stairway led to the second floor, where a small lobby and comfortable parlour was admired and approved by its patrons for its rather lavish decor and nick-nacks, typical of the Victorian era. There was also a spacious dining room on the river side downstairs, and commodious kitchen, from which visitors to town and townspeople occasionally dining out, were served family-style meals of venison, elk, Chinook salmon, clams, crabs and all other delicacies of the sea abounding here, topped off by the finest wines of Europe from ships which docked here first before continuing upriver to Vancouver and Portland. Passengers on those ships, bound for inland ports, were almost always allowed time to go ashore in Astoria to partake of a meal or two while the ship unloaded, and the fame of the Arrigoni Hotel's gourmet dining spread throughout the land.

Be that as it may, progressive Fr. Dielman and good Mother Joseph had a different plan for the future of the picturesque small hotel that day in July 1880, when they approached its owner at that time, George Hume. Evidently their business proposition was attractive to Mr. Hume, the proper papers were drawn up and the hotel was sold to the two enterprising "entrepreneurs." From then on, you can rest assured that no grass grew under Mother Joseph's high black laced shoes in arranging for the necessary alterations transforming the erstwhile hotel into a hostelry of mercy. Despite her daily duties of bossing the job and flitting here and there about town placing orders for supplies to take time to write letters to the Mother House for help. On July 30, just 27 days after her arrival here, Sisters James Kisai and Mary Alexander arrived by ship to lend a hand. Meanwhile, the hard-working Sisters were housed and fed at the home of a Mrs. Graham who lived nearby.

Proof of the constant diligence of the Sisters and, of course, of Fr. Dielman, no doubt aided and abetted by their ability to inspire and encourage the carpenters and other workers to work at top speed, St. Mary Hospital opened its doors on a mid-summer day, August 4, just a month and a day after Mother Joseph's arrival here! Too, they had the

help of numerous parishioners and townspeople who volunteered their services in their spare time to speed the completion of the building, but it was a monumental task. Wagons and drays were continually coming and going unloading stocks for the pharmacy and surgery arriving daily by boat, the kitchen had to have its stocks replenished, rooms and wards had to be cleaned and sanitized, fresh bedding and other sundries stacked in cupboards and chests, the many windows washed and floors and woodwork scrubbed. And when the hospital was opened it stood proud on its sloping knoll, a monument to those who made it possible.

Records show that the first patient to be admitted was "a poor old man who begged to be taken in." He was received by Mother Joseph and her Sister nurses "as a gift of Divine Providence."

News of the first hospital in the Lower Columbia spread on both sides of the river, and, during its first year of operation, 170 patients were recorded in its books.

A space had been reserved on the upper floor of the hospital for a small chapel, which had to wait its turn in favor of the immediate use of the hospital proper. But it was finally complete, with its miniature altar, hand-hewn pews, baptismal font and other religious items.



Sisters see the need to expand their facilities
New building replaces the original project, 1905



Latest wing of St. Mary Hospital, Astoria

The chapel was dedicated when the first Mass was held there, Nov. 19, 1880. The Most Rev. Archbishop Charles Seghers from Portland, said the Mass assisted by Fr. Dielman, and the warm praise for those who had participated in making the hospital possible "brought out a generous attitude" and the collection plate yielded \$250 toward the hospital's benefit.

The small but compact and efficient little house of mercy served this waterfront frontier for 15 years, when it was evident that room for more patients was necessary. So, in 1895, a new wing, 100x36 feet was added, providing room for 40 more patients.

Ten years later in 1905, the old hotel-hospital was torn down and replaced by a new building at the cost of \$50,000, and designed by architect J.B. Blanchet. It wasn't ready for occupancy until later in the year, and was dedicated by the Most Reverent Archbishop Christie of Oregon, who was assisted at the concelebration of the Mass by the Rev. George Thompson, Portland.

Time was marching on for the fine new establishment in Astoria, and it wasn't long before plans were in the making for still another "addition," a school of nursing for the young women of the

community. This became an actuality on April 18, 1909, when Sister Andrews, hospital superior of St. Mary, opened the St. Mary Hospital School of Nursing, destined to become the training school for many of the local daughters, some of whom are still serving here as registered nurses. Sister Bernard of the Sacred Heart was the first directress, and the first graduation saw the first two graduates, Elizabeth Byrnes and Bertha Peterson receive their diplomas from Dr. J.A. Fulton, one of Astoria's pioneer doctors, June 8, 1910.

The authors of this little history record this graduation in view of its importance to the community despite the fact that that first class was so small. It made up for it by its importance historically a lasting tribute to this fine school of nursing, from which many local girls, as well as those from other parts of the Northwest received their training, their caps and pins as graduate nurses.

We pause, as the TV announcers say, to remember the medical profession of this town during the 1880's and 1890's, which was dedicated to the welfare, health AND life of many in this area; such names as Drs. Fulton, R.J. Pilkington, August Kinney, W.L. Henderson, Arthur Finch, O.B. Estes and Nellie Vernon.



Sister Mary John the Baptist
Superior General 1886-1895
Provincial Superior of Oregon 1895-1905



Sister M. Perpetua
Youngest of the first twelve
of the Oregon foundresses

A School is Born

No doubt, some of you readers, especially those former students at the first Catholic School in Astoria, have been wondering when the history of that "hall of learning" would be recorded. To keep these records straight, we must wait for the year 1896.

It had long been the dream of our then parish priest Fr. Dielman, as well as an ardent wish of the rapidly growing Catholic population here, to have a teaching community in its midst. Beside its predominant Nordic population, largely Lutheran, Astoria was a melting pot, a small one, to be sure, of the many other ethnic groups, a large segment of which was from southern Europe, Yugoslavians, and Italians, and many Irish, all who brought, along with their hopes and dreams of life in the New World, a strong sense of loyalty to their Catholic faith and the desire to have their children educated in a school of that faith. As we have begun to realize, Fr. Dielman wasn't one to sit back and dream . . . he dreamed "in action," in other words, he had been writing, writing, writing letters . . .

One happy day in the spring of 1896, a telegram arrived from the Mother House of the Holy Names Order, Montreal, Canada. Not only was the event of

a telegram one of excitement in those early days of "wireless," the contents of the message were of equal excitement to good Fr. Dielman.

His dream (and prayer) was to become a reality. The message announced that "Mother John the Baptist and Sister Mary Perpetua would arrive in Astoria to set the wheels in motion for a Catholic School." Arrive they did on May 7 of that same spring, and without further ado the residence of Judge F.J. Taylor on 16th and Franklin was purchased for \$6500 as a convent home for the teaching Sisters soon to arrive. June 15, the contract for an additional building for the new school on the property next to the convent (where Trinity Lutheran Church now stands) was let to Salem contractor Henry Zapf, and seven days later, the construction of Astoria's first (and only) Catholic Academy for Young Ladies was started, June 22.

Sisters Mary Leocadia and Sister Othilio had arrived just prior to this to oversee the building program, and the cornerstone of the school was laid without fanfare or ceremony July 6. Eight more teaching Sisters arrived with their superior Sister Mary Peter Alcantara in August. They were Sisters M. James, assistant superior, M. Bernadette, M. Elmire, Alphonsus Mary and M. Cyrille.

Interest in the school that was a-building was tremendous. Gifts from benefactors began pouring in for the Sisters convent, pieces of furniture destined to become cherished antiques in later years, came from some of the stately homes on the hills, kettles and pots, blankets and linens, rugs and "lace" curtains. Nothing was too good for those first teaching Sisters, avowed Astorians! Now that the school was all roofed in and secure, the generosity of the townspeople came forward again, like a piano, a clock that struck the hours in sonorous tones, books for the music room and library. With business acumen and foresight, the Sisters saw to having the convent and school buildings properly insured, and the Van Dusen Insurance Agency, still an important part of this community, took care of this. Later, this was to be proved a most fortunate provision.

Now it is September 5, 1896. The Sisters of the Holy Names of the academy, along with the Sisters of Providence of Charity, and, to be sure, a great crowd of townspeople and city officials, gathered at the newly constructed school to offer a "Deo Gratias" as workmen put the last finishing touches on the completion of the project. The Astoria Herald newspaper stated, "Astoria is fortunate in securing a school of this kind. The school consists of

both a boarding and day school, where, not only primary branches are taught, but all the higher studies, in addition to drawing, painting, music and the languages. There will be an efficient corps of teachers and strict discipline will be maintained."

Formal dedication of the academy took place Sunday, Sept. 13, conducted by Fr. Dielman. Flowers from Astoria's fall gardens adorned the convent, and every room of the school had its bright bouquet. The resounding voices of the choir consisting of the school Sisters and those from the hospital, soared out over the quiet hillsides and waters of the Columbia, shining below in the autumn sunshine, with organ and violin accompaniment, before the final benediction closed a morning of promise for the Academy of the Holy Names.

During the feverish activity of the next ten days, the Sisters of the Academy worked long hours, assisted by numerous willing hands and backs from members of the parish and other family members in town, equally interested. Desks had to be set in place, boxes of books unpacked and placed on spanking bright new shelves, all school supplies and sundries arranged in cupboards to be ready for opening day of school.



Girl students of Holy Names Academy
Can you pick some of the belles of today?



Among this group is to be found some of the first boys who were enrolled at Holy Names Academy, Astoria.
How many do you recognize?

When classes "set up" that first day, Sept. 14, 1896, there were 18 little girls, pink-cheeked and proud in their new uniforms, shining hair in saucy braids or bobbing curls, lined up to register with the school Sisters as the first students of the Holy Names Academy for Young Ladies. One name was of those first registrants is that of little Hildegard Brunold, now known to Astorians as "Grandma Moore," matriarch of a dynasty of eight children, whose sons, grandsons and great grandsons were prominent on Star of the Sea School basketball teams for three generations. Through those "years of Moores," Grandma was a faithful and very ardent fan and attendant at all home games of the team, for she always had a Moore on the squad to cheer for!

Another name that is familiar to parishioners and townspeople alike is that of Alice Kearney (Owen), who registered that first year and who has many descendants in this area.

The first Mass in the school's chapel was said Oct. 19 of that school term. A footnote says that it was the occasion for the first communion of

Eulalia Snyder, a former pupil of the Sisters school in Portland. Then, in November, the pupils of the new school honored the Mother Provincial, on a visit to Astoria. At the reception, Miss Adele Sovey, sister of Louis (Fritz) Sovey, a generous donor of the church, hospital and school, as well as to the Pioneer Clatsop County Historical Society and its projects, gave the welcoming address, expressing the pleasure the Provincial Mother's visit gave the pupils. The first entertainment was a Christmas program, during which the school was crowded to capacity by parishioners, townspeople and proud parents. In fact, the event drew "raves" from the local newspaper, which stated in glowing terms: "It was the most refined and the best entertainment yet seen in Astoria," (evidently, there had been instances in town of entertainment of a different sort heretofore for the benefit of roistering ships' crews along the waterfront establishments!), the article concluding with "the excellence of the performers on the program and the spectacular ability of the orchestra and chorus in the rendition of beautiful Christmas music."

... The first graduate of the Academy of the Holy Names, Astoria, was Irene Riley in 1908, and the second graduating class consisted of Theresa Kearney (Sister Mary Frances Josephine) in 1916.

There were other social gatherings and parties to follow, special holiday observances and family potlucks, with parents of the different ethnic groups vying to "please the palette" with dishes concocted from recipes brought over from the old country. The first bazaar was held, netting the amazing amount of \$325! When school closed for summer vacation in June, there was no public observance, as there were yet, no pupils ready to graduate. But the Sisters, parents and pupils were more than pleased with the progress of the school. "Gold" medals, cherished as though they were the real thing, were presented to little Hildegard Brunold for the highest scholastic average in the lower grades; to Christine Barth for highest in the upper grades; and to Jennie Curtis for regular attendance.

The long days of summer afforded opportunities for the parishioners to make the new school Sisters "feel at home in their new community." They were included on organizational and family picnics to the ocean beaches and to the beautiful, parklike picnic area, with its sandy beach and wooded slopes at Tongue Point, "the" popular spot for picnics in those days because it was so accessible. One highlight of the summer for the Sisters was a boat trip on a steamer "Ilwaco" across to Fort Canby and Cape Disappointment lighthouse.

By the start of the second term that fall, enrollment reached 103, and someone reminded Father Dielman that he had said before the opening of the school, "When the enrollment reaches 100, I'll give the school a gift of \$1 per pupil." And true to his word, Fr. Dielman whipped out his checkbook and wrote a check for \$100.

An early edition of the Astorian Daily News, has an article in which Editor Gibson explained that he had asked permission to visit every department of the school "for the purpose of making an evaluation." Permission granted (without qualms by the Sisters), with the result of Gibson's editorializing that "Astoria has an institution of which it can be justly proud."

Life fell into a studious pattern, not without its fun and entertainments for the girls. Through the last years of the century, enrollment and activities of the fast growing school continued to expand. And the local news continued to allot columns of detailed accounts of year-end exercises, holiday programs and the exemplary participation of students of the academy at county fairs and other community events.

The year 1905-06 was a memorable one, for the school opened its doors to receive boy students. Seven small boys were welcomed, among them Leopold Robinson, James Robinson, Thomas Shea and Eben Parker.

Also an occasion for joyous celebration was when Elsie Leahy, daughter of the Michael Leahys of Olney, a student at the academy for many years, was the first from the school to enter the order of the Sisters of the Holy Names, as Sister Mary Eleanor.



Presented by Mrs. Catherine Feeley and Family



Presented by the Most Rev. Archbishop A. Christie



Presented by Astoria Council No. 106 Young Mens' Institute

Others presented by:

Young People's Club
In Memory of Amanda Lane

Thomas Corbett and Fred Miller
Pupils of Holy Names Academy

Mr. John Leahy and Family
League of the Sacred Heart

New Priests' House and Worship Place

Time was marching on, too, for the town of Astoria, sprawling along its waterfront docks and wharves. Canneries were going full blast, the masts of sailing ships that stood in the river channel and along the wharves resembled a forest of tall spars, and progress was marked with two- and three-story buildings along its main street. Through the years much progress was evident for St. Mary, Star of the Sea Catholic Church parish. The church had been repainted and renovated. A new hospital graced the town below the church. Much of the church property had been cleared and bulkheaded (several times!), all under the promotion of the energetic Fr. Dielman. His parish duties had progressed, too, and with the growth of the parish, his days and evenings were crowded with many more duties, carrying on the work of conversion, baptism, marriage and burials as his flock continued to increase with the years. But time was catching up with this hard-working parish priest, also. Although he had been housed in his private quarters at St. Mary Hospital, it meant climbing the steep hill several times a day to perform his duties at the church. It was too much for one, tired elderly priest, and the Archbishop was aware of this. So he appointed the Rev. Arthur Lane, grandson of the first governor of the territory of Oregon, and later to become a distinguished member of the Catholic clergy, to be Fr. Dielman's assistant. Where the elderly priest had had to climb the long hill from the hospital to the church each day, his assistant was more fortunate. Three days after Fr. Lane's arrival here Feb. 8, 1900, his mother Mrs. Amanda Lane and her daughter arrived by steamer and took up quarters in a small cottage, which had been one of the several out-buildings of a large estate on the corner of 15th and Grand. The cottage to the rear of the main house and slightly up the bank was directly across the church property, very convenient to the Lane family, who added a new wing on the north or river side of the small residence, for Fr. Lane. However, it still lacked the space and privacy necessary for those who sought the help of their pastor, so, at the suggestion of His Grace Archbishop Christie in the city by the falls of the Willamette, the building of a parochial residence for the priests was undertaken on the middle of the lot and to the east of the church. (Remember, this first little white church was where the Star of the Sea gym now stands.) This priests' house was completed and completely furnished in due time for Father Lane. But it was to be not much longer for the beloved Fr. Dielman. He had climbed the hill too often and had "spread himself too thin" in bringing about the changes that the parish and town had benefitted from during his 20 years of service here. He was a weary old man. It was a sad day when his parishioners bid him farewell for his life of retirement. And those residents of the community who were not of his faith or parish came, too, to pay their respects and express their gratitude to the "rugged saint" who had done so much for the community by the sea.



Mr. A. McPharlan was the contractor and builder of today's parish house, under the supervision of Father Lane.

The century had turned. The town, of course, had outgrown its fur-trader post past and had become a bustling, raw-boned community. The first river boats, steam-powered, plied the Columbia with flashing stern-and-side-wheels, bringing wheat and other grains from inland, while the graceful wind-jammers continued to cross the bar unloading wares from the seven seas. St. Mary Parish had its own church on the hill and a fine new "modern" home for its clergy. Many splendid homes occupied imposing sites on the view lots in the church's neighborhood, Victorian in decor, embellished with wooden lace, wide porches and high porticos and towers.

As the town grew, so did the parish, and it was becoming more and more evident that . . . you guessed it . . . that first small Catholic Church was not adequate to meet the needs of those crowding its doors for Mass. This was a healthy sign, though, and wisely and gratefully noted by Archbishop Christie in his diocesan headquarters at Oregon City. Astoria must have a new and larger house of worship for those of the Catholic faith. Without further ado, he appointed a committee to make the necessary investigations and plans. This group of progressive parishioners and businessmen consisted of John A. Devlin, Edward O'Connor, William J. Cook, Henry Zapf and, of course, Fr. Lane. They all agreed that the northeast corner of the church block would be the logical site for the new and larger church on the other side of the priests' house.

Work progressed steadily through the long days of slanting rains that swept in from the sea and through roaring sou'wester storm that buffeted the town throughout the winter of 1902-03. But, finally, Spring stepped shyly forth as it does always in the great northwest, burning yellow candles of skunk cabbage in all the marshes and resounding to the high sad trumpet of Canadian geese in questing wedges across gray skies. The fine new church took shape, like a graceful crown on the hill above the town. Stout timbers inside braced the high Gothic roof against the onslaught of gale force winds, making an artistic frame for the beautiful altars, gifts of the Joseph Schamberger family, while springtime sunshine flooded the interior through exquisite stained glass windows, spreading jewelled lights upon the sanctuary, as it still does. The church's seating capacity was (and still is today) 400, with a commodious choir loft to the rear.

So, on a bright May 24, 1903, that 400 seating capacity was taxed to accommodate the crowd of delighted parishioners, many non-parishioner-townspeople and public officials present for the dedication of the new St. Mary Star of the Sea Catholic Church in Astoria. The impressive ceremony of dedication was conducted by His Grace Archbishop of Oregon, Alexander Christie, with the dedicatory sermon by the Rev. Father Carroll, CSC of Columbia University (now the University of Portland), and the Solemn High Mass was sung by a handsome young Fr. John Waters, who had just been appointed to this parish and who was to become an active and beloved leader. Adding to the dramatics was the choir, under the direction of Mrs. E. Brooks and Mrs. R.A. Cearn, organist, during the inspiring singing of Farmer's Mass in B Flat, with the lovely voice of Mrs. J.T. Ross in Millard's "Ave Maria" during the offertory.

The only note of sadness in the whole thrilling and joyful Mass was the absence of Father Lane, the parish priest, who could not be present for that first Mass in the church he had helped to build. Sometime, during that long wet wintertime, Fr. Lane had contracted a lung condition which required him to leave for a warmer climate. It was one of the crosses he had to bear, having been the guiding light and inspiration in the months of planning, preparation and actual labor, that ill health would not permit his being here for the dedication for "his" church. But his parishioners remembered and blessed him with their prayers.

The cornerstone of a new church, Astoria, Oregon, was blessed and laid, 1902. Built under the supervision of Father A. Lane, this new St. Mary, Star of the Sea was dedicated by Archbishop Christie on May 24, 1903.





Interior of St. Mary, Star of the Sea Church, 1903.

DID YOU KNOW THAT....

.....First to be baptized in the new (present) church here was John F. Wilson, sponsored by John and Margaret Feeley?

.....The first sacrament of marriage in the present church was that of Charles Edward Foster and Margaret Evelyn Gilmore (parents of Bill Foster)? Henry Foster and Catherine Gilmore "stood up with them".

.....The first burial Mass at St. Mary, Star of the Sea (present) church was that of Joseph Santore?

This picture was taken the day that the Reverend Leo Robinson, S.J. celebrated his first Solemn High Mass, July 1930.



Father John, The Beloved

Meanwhile, there had come to Astoria a priest who is remembered by many of today's parishioners. Fr. John Waters, born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1878, where he attended parochial schools, pursued his preparation for the priesthood at Mt. Angel, Oregon, for 11 years, after which he studied theology at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., where he was ordained in 1900. After serving as assistant priest at St. Mary's Cathedral, Portland, he was parish priest at Astoria for 30 years and then on to Albany, Ore., for about 17 years. He was close to his parishioners and interested in their spiritual and temporal welfare, was an enthusiastic civic leader here as well as at the state legislature, keeping in constant touch with the congressmen from our district. His love of travel took him one time to Europe for four months, and he always availed himself to be present at the Eucharistic Congresses. He was grateful that he was to observe his tenth, 25th and 50th anniversaries in the priesthood, these occasions bringing friends and dignitaries of the diocese to Astoria. His term as parish priest in Astoria started Jan. 17, 1904, ending in 1933, when he went to Albany.

The happy events of the years just after the turn of the century were soon to become memories with the events to come.

First off was the news of the death of Fr. Dielman, the priest who had given so much to this parish from 1879-1900. He had made a hasty trip to Europe in 1870 to be at the deathbed of his father, returning immediately after to take up his duties. Before coming to Astoria in 1879, he had served the parishes at Baker City, Pendleton and Salem. At Baker City he had helped build the first church in that far eastern corner of the state and, had duplicated it in Canyon City later. Wherever he was engaged, he left the same commendable record of genuine Christian helpfulness and a devotion to his parish that marked his long career. It was the same in Astoria.

His death occurred April 6, 1907, while he was serving his last duty as Dean of the Oregon Priesthood and he was buried in Greenwood Cemetery here, after the Archbishop came to conduct the service, which was attended by several Portland priests . . . and several hundred of his former St. Mary parishioners.

On a day of great importance in the progress of Astoria, June 3, 1914, construction of the seawall (Dosch Terminals), the Columbia River Highway, the North Bend Rail and Steamship Terminals, the Astoria municipal docks and the Astoria Reclamation Wall. This later was considered the most important at the time, for it would eliminate many of the old buildings set on pilings, thus allowing for a complete and sturdy system of streets on pilings for the erection of more permanent buildings. Unfortunately, this was not to prove successful, when fire spread through those pilings in 1922 to completely wipe out the "new" business section of town.

A public holiday was declared for the town and many residents of other Oregon towns flocked to Astoria for the "joyous celebration," stated the local papers. In Portland, The Oregonian newspaper declared: "If the shade of the original John Jacob Astor were present in Astoria today, it

must have marvelled at the wonderful development that is certain to follow the work started that afternoon."

Civic holidays were becoming very much a part of the life of Astorians. On a day in March, 1915, another era in the history of our commerce was opened when the sleek new luxury liner, J.J. Hill Company's "Great Northern" anchored at the new Great Northern Docks at Flavel near Warrenton. Special trains passed through Astoria on their way to Flavel, bringing people from Portland, Spokane and Seattle to board the new ship. And Astoria town was practically devoid of inhabitants that June 16th, 1915.

Dark clouds were gathering over Europe, plunging many of its countries into a war, which would soon engulf this country across the Atlantic. By the year 1916, America was involved in the conflict, and all over the country, men and boys were enlisting to go to the aid of those troubled countries across the water who were fighting for their freedom against an aggressive nation. The thrilling and urgent call of patriotism echoed to this far northwestern community also, and many of its sons and fathers lined up in trim khaki uniforms, putties and campaign hats as troop trains and ships waited along the waterfront, while mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts waved goodbye, those white handkerchieves later to be wet with tears. Those were trying times for many families, and, at war's end, several of its fine young sons returned to rest in Greenwood and Ocean View cemeteries. Father Waters had many sad duties to perform during those years of World War I for his parish flock, and many still remember how his indomitable spirit and faith bolstered and comforted them when the tragic telegrams arrived.

. . . Mr. C. W. Fulton, a prominent Astoria lawyer, was elected United States Senator in Feb. 1903? He was greeted on the arrival here with happy acclaim by men, women and children, who thronged to the train depot. At the closing exercises of the Academy of Holy Names, June 1904, Sen. Fulton was guest speaker, impressed with "the grace and culture shown by the pupils as evidence of good teaching."

. . . Patrick Shea, father of Astorians Elizabeth Fastabend and Kay Givens was Astorian correspondent to the Catholic Sentinel for 30 years?

Astoria's Centennial

Astoria, Oregon, now a bustling little frontier town on its wide waterfront, was soon to observe its Centennial Anniversary . . . 100 years since the arrival of the John Jacob Astor fur traders arrived by ship and overland expedition to establish its log stronghold, Fort Astoria in 1811.

Citizens were alert to the significance of the celebration of 100 years for the first white settlement in Oregon, and were further inspired by the fact that their state was, also . . . to the tune of a \$50,000 appropriation from the state to put on the important "birthday party." But Astorians had to raise the sum of \$40,000, as a token of their trust before they could accept the state fund. When the governor of the state signed the bill in February of that year, the townspeople straightway designated Feb. 28 as "Tag Day," a day in which to round-up the necessary \$40,000 in agreement with the state.

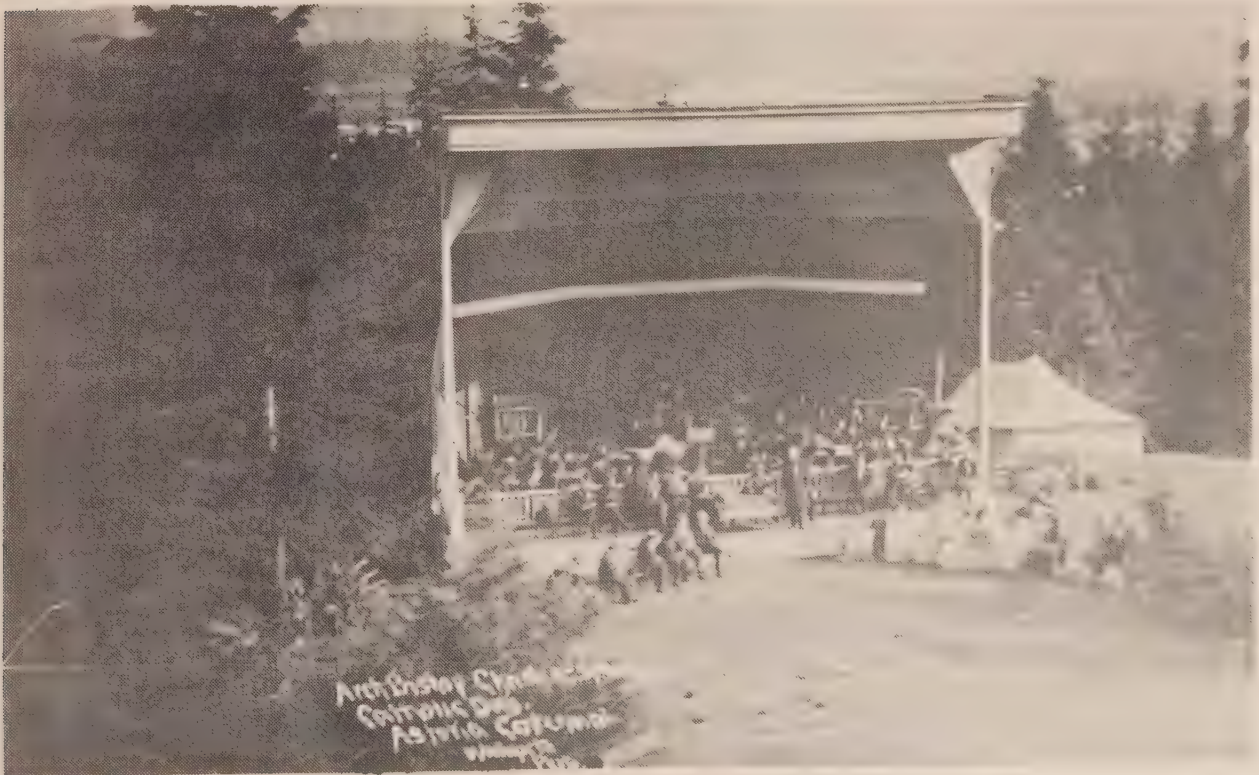
Enthusiasm reached a high pitch and a spirit of cooperation existed all over town. School children were given a half-holiday to sell tags about town, and the committee in charge of the fund-raising, headed by H.R. Hoefler, the candy king of Astoria, who produced Centennial chocolates, well spiked with rum in their creamy centers, Herman Wise and Ben Worsley visited the Academy of the Holy Names to explain the procedure and to leave bundles of tags for the students to "sell."

So energetic and enthusiastic were the boy and girl students of the Catholic Academy, they took top honors among the schools and were acknowledged with a public announcement of thanks in the Morning Astorian newspaper.

April 12, a ground-breaking ceremony was held for the setting for the pageant commemorating the arrival of the fur traders and later events leading up to the establishment of a town here. It was a beautifully wooded site in a small canyon in city park high on the hill near the present city park and reservoir, the sloping sides of the canyon offering a natural rise for the seats in the amphitheatre. Later that spring, school children enjoyed another holiday to attend the ground-breaking for the building of an exact replica of Fort Astoria, Mayor Henderson digging the first shovel-full.

During the summer of the Centennial festival, Aug. 21 was set aside as "Catholic Day," a day programmed to the claims and interests of the Church and its people, but, it was also explained, a Catholic Day in the broader meaning of the word, meaning for all people.

Much to everyone's surprise, including the members of St. Mary Parish, a tremendous crowd of several thousand Catholics were drawn to the celebration from all parts of the northwest . . . and representatives of other denominations as well! The largest open air religious service ever held in the northwest took place in the city park, starting with Solemn High Mass conducted by the Rev. Arthur Lane, St. Mary's pastor of 1900, with the main speaker His Grace Archbishop A. Christie. Needless to say, the celebration for people of many faiths continued throughout the day with picnics and family potlucks in the park, games and entertainment throughout the afternoon, and brilliant fireworks in the evening for the whole city to enjoy.



Stage in Astoria City Park for historic pageant performed during Astoria's 100th Anniversary, 1911. Also setting for Archbishop A. Christie, speaker at largest open-air Mass held in Northwest.

Fire in the Night



It was a bitterly cold night, December 8, 1922, when fire broke out in the Beehive Department Store on Commercial Street, then the town's main street. The "fire laddies" and their hooks and ladders responded with instant clanging, but, before long, they and interested crowds of spectators realized it was a bigger fire by far than realized. The wooden pilings over water on which the business section of Astoria was built, greedily accepted the flames fanned by a wild winter wind beneath the street were fire hoses, concentrating on saving the business blocks, were unable to reach. The fire spread up and down the street engulfing all the business blocks from the courthouse and post office on Eighth to 14th, and from Bond south to Exchange. Additional fire fighting equipment and men were rushed from Portland on flat cars, the trains given the "green light" right-of-way the whole distance. Some buildings were dynamited to control the fire, but, as gray dawn broke over Astoria, smoking ruins revealed that the town's business section was completely destroyed.

Miraculously, the fire was controlled at 15th and Duane, where the tall wooden structure of St. Mary Hospital stood. The patients had been evacuated to the high school high on the hill (now Clatsop College) and to hillside dwellings, by the Sisters of Charity of Providence of the hospital and by many volunteer helpers, all scurrying about to see to the welfare of the patients during the dreadful and frightening night. When they were certain that the fire was controlled and with no further danger of its breaking out again, these same patients had to be transported back to the hospital, which now stood, miraculously, the only building in downtown Astoria. The weary hospital Sisters, once every patient was back and comfortable, found their work

had really just begun. It included the admittance and care of many of those affected by the fire, volunteer firemen injured by breaking glass and suffering from smoke inhalation, cases of exhaustion and heart attacks, and of those semi-invalid and old people whose places of residence had been burned and who had no other place to go. It was a trying time for the hospital Sisters, who worked around the clock. But, later, townspeople exclaimed as one voice, "Thank God for St. Mary Hospital and its staff! It would have been far more tragic for Astoria if the hospital hadn't been saved by the hand of God."

The fact that the new Academy of the Holy Names Sisters came through the fire unscathed, was no miracle. Fortunately, it was situated high enough on the hill to be beyond the path of the holocaust. But, unfortunately, the academy had its own fire, less than two months later, 1923, which started in the basement of the school and destroyed it, although the Sisters convent next door was saved. This event now had the school Sisters scurrying about, arranging for classes to be held at Shively School, St. Mary Hospital and the Devlin home, with the high school students holding forth in the Knights of Columbus Hall. Two new Sisters had been added to the school, as the enrollment continued to climb, and despite the separation of classes after the academy burned, musical programs and graduation exercises were held at Astoria High School . . . and continued to "win the raves" of the local newspapers.

At the end of that school year, June 1923, it was becoming more and more evident, that with the increasing enrollment and more boy students each year, that even if the school hadn't burned down, a larger school was going to have to be the solution.

A "Star" Rises

So the year now is 1924. The academy of the Holy Names had burned, the pupils were portioned out in classes held here and there about town. Fr. Waters was well established and revered here . . . and anyway, there was call for a larger school even if the academy hadn't been destroyed by fire, Fr. Waters stated. And everyone agreed with him.

News of the plans for the new school was released by the committee in charge of the Morning Astorian, who recorded it as follows:

"Knowledge of the latest building project to be launched in Astoria became public today with the announcement that St. Mary Catholic Parish would immediately construct a three-story parochial school on the church property on the southwest corner of 14th and Grand Avenue. The parish has placed the authority for the construction of the school, to be known as St. Mary Star of the Sea Parochial School, in the hands of an advisory committee composed of the Rev. John Waters, E.P. Noonan, E.R. Keefe, V.W. Tremaine, Dr. F.J. Friedrich and J.L. Moore (husband of Hildegard Brunold, who had enrolled the first day of the Holy Names Academy and had graduated). Contractors will be Birkemeir and Saremal, Portland. During the construction of the school, pupils of the parish will continue their classes as of last year, and graduation exercises will be held, as they were last year, at Astoria High School."

Construction did commence immediately, and the cornerstone of the imposing new building was laid, Sunday, July 20, 1924. His Grace Alexander Christie, Archbishop of Oregon, officiated in laying the cornerstone, after which solemn high Mass was sung in the church by the Rt. Rev. James H. Black, D.D., Portland. The sermon was delivered by Fr. Arthur Lane, D.D., Albany, who formerly served here, and assisting at the Mass were Fr. L. Roche, former chaplain in the Canadian Air Force, and, at that time, hospital chaplain; Fr. Waters and John Laidlaw, a seminarian. The choir was directed by Miss Minnie O'Connor, with Miss Alice O'Connor at the organ. All this was duly recorded in the Astorian, ending with "Fr. Waters has extended an invitation to the general public." After the Mass in the church, the crowd assembled in the auditorium of the new school, which, like the church, was packed and overflowing. Work progressed on the second floor of classrooms and the Sisters' quarters on the top floor throughout the summer and early fall, with St. Mary Star of the Sea School opening its doors to its grade and high school students, both boys and girls, Oct. 20. December 18 saw moving vans arriving with furnishings for the Sisters' apartments on the third floor, and on Christmas Day Fr. Waters blessed their little chapel, leaving "Our Eucharistic King" in the tabernacle.



Laying of the Cornerstone Star of the Sea School July 20, 1924: Clergy (L-R) The Rev. J. Waters, The Rev. L. Roach, Right Rev. J.H. Black, Archbishop A. Christie, Right Rev. A. Lane, John Laidlaw. Acolytes (L-R) Frank Foster, Frank Friedrich, Marshall Leathers, Charles Moore, Nick

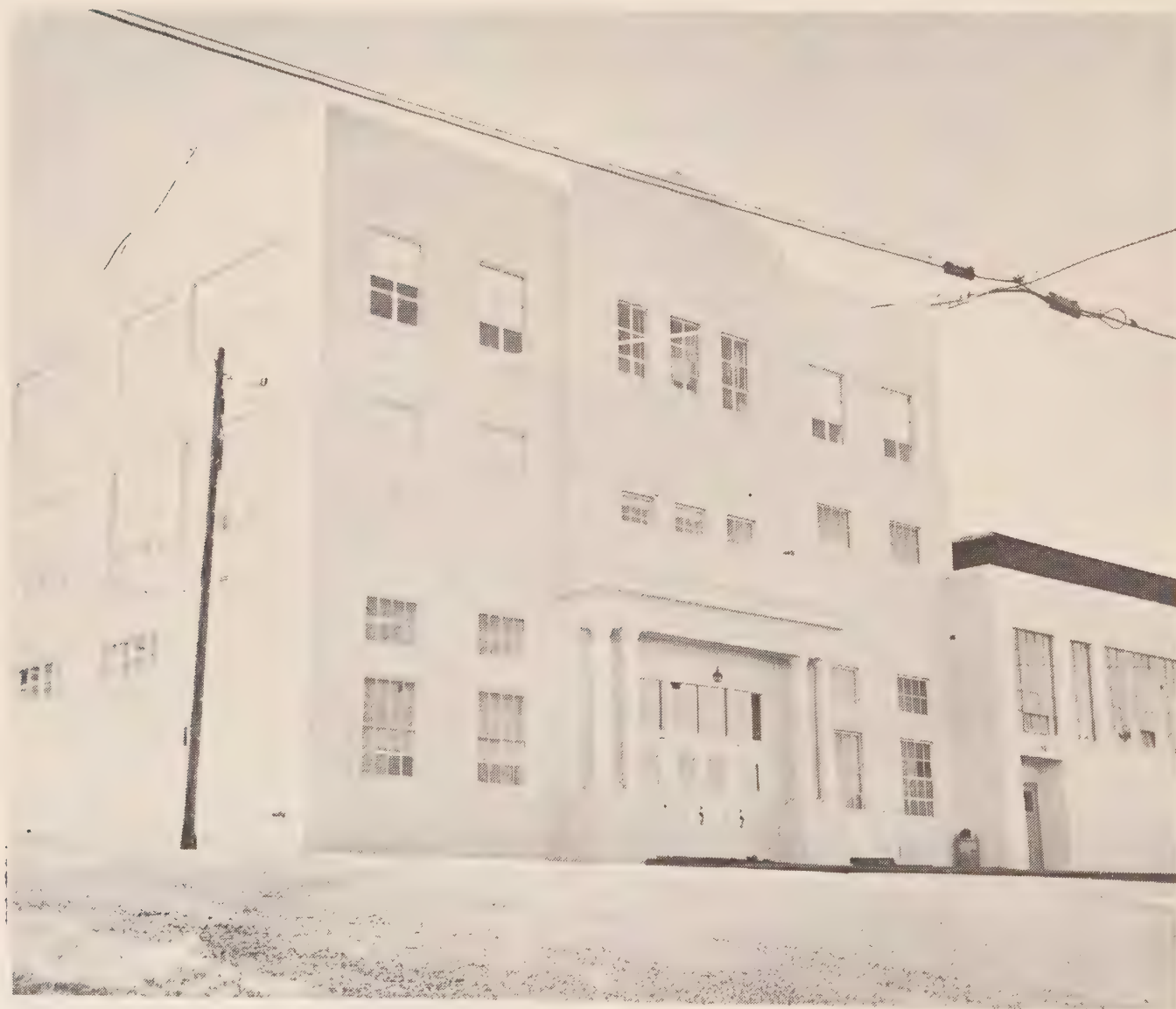
Danielovich, Paul Tipcich. Banner Bearer: Louis Moore. Building Com. (L-R) Dr. F.J. Friedrich, E.P. Noonan, J.L. Moore, V.W. Tremaine, E.R. Keefe. Architect (R-Front) E. Kroner. Contractor (R-Front) Mr. Saremal.

As of old, the students continued to prove their ability in fields of music, essay contests, county fair exhibits, Girl Scout, Boy Scout, Brownie and Cub Scouts, as well as in the field of athletics. students from year to year won scholarships from the Elks and Rotary, were chosen representatives of Beaver Boys' State and Girls' State, sponsored by the American Legion and Auxiliary, respectively, played an active role in Junior Red Cross and the War Bond Drives, as well as receiving scholarships to Marylhurst, The University of Portland and Gonzaga.

However, it was becoming evident that the high school boys wanted to enter other forms of competitive athletics other than basketball, and several

of the stalwart hopefuls transferred to Astoria High School, where this sport was played. And, where the boys went, so went the girls. In June of 1969, the Star of the Sea High School was phased out, due to the diminishing enrollment, and it concentrated on becoming a grade school, with kindergarten added later.

This problem that beset Star of the Sea School was not uncommon to other parochial schools throughout the country, with the added problem of a declining amount of teaching Sisters. The fact that the Star of the Sea School has continued to exist continuously all these years, since the days of the old academy, will be related in this history at a later date in a happening close to the miraculous.



Star of the Sea School and its gymnasium, filling half the block from 14th to 15th on Grand Avenue, Astoria, functions today as an intermediate school, maintained by the Sisters of the Eucharist. Built in 1924 (the gymnasium was built later), it had included the junior high and high school grades.



The Astoria Catholic Monthly

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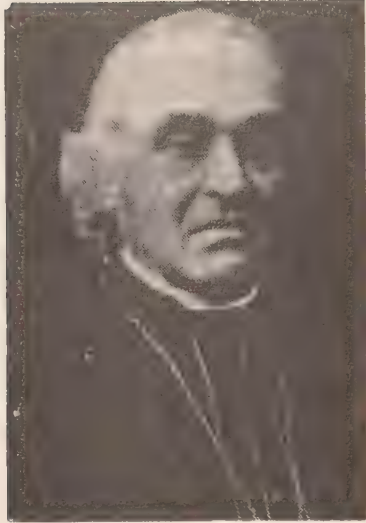
Our Motto: "Co-operation"
To Do Good for This Parish and Community



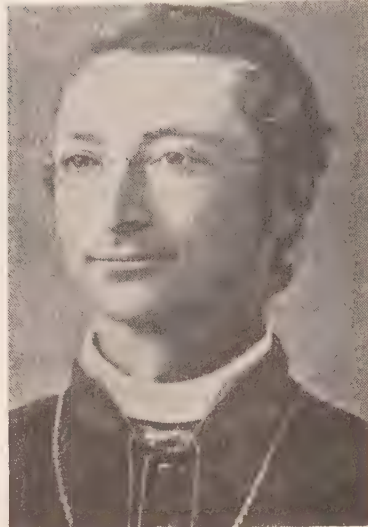
St. Mary Parish once had its own little "magazine". A monthly edition it was, and the brain-child of Father Waters, who was always zealous in the souls confided in his care. Entitled "The Astoria Catholic Monthly", it united practical

religious instructions for its readers with interesting news items about members of the parish, an entertaining element that is always welcome, with special attention to coming events of interest in the community.

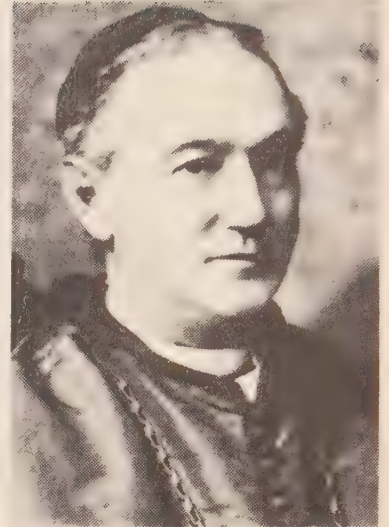
Archbishops of Oregon



ARCHBISHOP FRANCIS N. BLANCHET
1838-1883



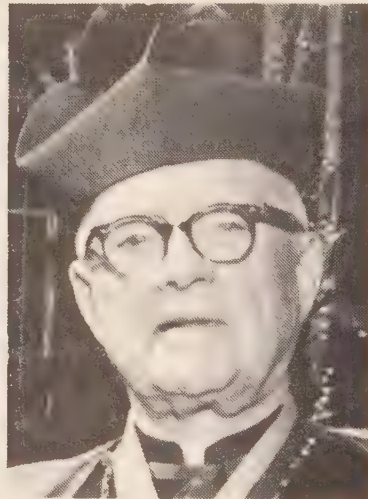
ARCHBISHOP CHARLES SEGHERS
1878-1884



ARCHBISHOP WILLIAM GROSS
1885-1898



ARCHBISHOP ALEXANDER CHRISTIE
1899-1925



ARCHBISHOP EDWARD D. HOWARD
1926-1966



ARCHBISHOP ROBERT J. DWYER
1967-1974



Archbishop Cornelius M. Power
1974

In the summer of '33, Fr. Waters, pastor here for 30 years, was appointed pastor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help parish, Albany, Ore.

And so we come to Father Edward J. Murnane, who replaced Fr. Waters. This jolly Irish priest is remembered for his ready wit, his ability to tell a humorous story or anecdote in almost any dialect, including, of course, his own natal one, and his innate love of people. Those parishioners who meet Fr. Murnane at yearly conferences or conventions throughout the state know that he still is blessed with this same sense of humor and he is constantly being called upon as an after-dinner speaker because of this delightful gift. This jovial personality was a fortunate characteristic when Fr. Murnane took over as parish priest here. To all outward appearances, the church and school were "doing just fine," but inspection of the lower regions beneath street level showed that all was not well. Those still uncontrolled underground springs were at it again, and water pressure had forced the upheaval of the concrete floors and walls in many places under the building. When Fr. Murnane viewed

the buckling of the concrete and leaks here and there seeping in, he enlisted the help of a Professor Mockmore of Oregon State University, an authority on hydraulic engineering. At the latter's advice, men of the parish cooperated by developing a system of drainage channels which proved successful, and the damage was repaired, thereupon.

He summed up his six years here as parish priest as happy years, despite the fact that most of those years were devoted to repairs and rehabilitation of the property. Frustrating as it must have been, the genial Irishman laughed it off, no doubt with several comical comments in his own words. Incidentally, if this problem wasn't enough to ruffle the feelings of the average person, while here Fr. Murnane was placed in charge of the missions of Rainier, Clatskanie, Birkenfeld, Hammond and Clifton! He took this, too, in his stride.

Before he left Astoria for further duties inland, Fr. Murnane was given a send-off befitting his personality, but beneath the jollity was a distinct note of sadness on seeing this happy one leave his adoring parishioners.

Face-Lifting in the '40's

Another party, that of welcoming Fr. John R. Laidlaw, who replaced Fr. Murnane, was given in a formal welcome by students of Star of the Sea School. Choral and instrumental numbers were given, while Student Body President Joe Fastabend gave the welcoming address, all of which thrilled this gentle man.

Two events marked the 1940's of St. Mary Catholic Church, Astoria.

First off, came a "face-lifting. After all, "the old girl" was past middle-age, and sometimes this surgery is necessary, if not for beauty, then for preservation. The side altars were removed and replaced by oak wall brackets to accomodate the statues of St. Joseph and The Blessed Mother. The new altar was of sturdy oak and "strictly liturgical", with bee-hive, free-standing tabernacle. Behing the altar hung a massive and very imposing crucifix, and, above that, a magnificent stained glass window installed. Likewise, the electronic light fixtures were raised, making a softer lighting affect. Everyone agreed, it was all for the best. It was a truly beautiful church.

Later that year, in the spring, parishioners commemorated the 100th anniversary of Father Demers coming to Astoria. Archbishop Edward Howard, Portland, was celebrant of the Solemn High Mass, assisted by Frs. Murnane, Laidlaw, Richard Fall and Frank Foster, Astoria's own

native priest. Another native son, Fr. Leo Robinson, president of Gonzaga University, Spokane, Wash., came down to give the commemorative sermon, and, after giving a historical background of Fr. Demers' work here, paid a fine tribute to the clergy and religious who had worked to continue the work of that dear pioneer priest, appealing to the generation to "carry on the torch of Catholic Faith that had been handed to them by those before." Music for the Mass was sung by the Star of the Sea student body under the direction of Sister Claire Marie. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that this was the first time the Gregorigan Proper had ever been sung in Astoria, and by a group of young students! A formal banquet was held at the Hotel Astoria, then the center for all grand social occasions, with many visiting dignitaries of the church and out-of-town clergymen present, and W.P. O'Brien serving as toastmaster for the banquet.

An occasion for rejoicing and pride of one of its native sons took place June 21, 1942, when the Rev. John Arthur Dalgity, S.J., a graduate of Star of the Sea Grade School and Astoria High School, sang his first Solemn High Mass at St. Mary Church. He was ordained May 1 of that year by the Most Rev. Charles D. White, bishop of Spokane, at St. Michael's in that eastern Washington city, and Father Laidlaw joined the parishioners in welcoming their young priest home and shared in their happiness.



Gothic Altar erected at the turn of the century is replaced early in the Forties with the altar table. The one pictured is the beautiful replacement of an earlier design.



Charles Turina and Jerry Davis are acolytes who assist Father Borho, who is still without an associate priest.

WORLD WAR II: INSTANT IMPACT

The advent of World War II during the mid-1940's, created a terrific and sudden impact on every major metropolis and small community across our country, and Astoria was not exempt. From the spacious homes of the affluent on the hills to the modest cottages, sons of Astorians donned uniforms of the Coast Guard, Navy, Marine Corps, Army, Air Force and SeeBees, serving in foreign lands from Anzio, Italy; the poppy-strewn hedgerows of France, over the skies of Africa and into Berlin, and, across another ocean they sailed in even greater numbers to Australia and Buna to Manila and to the frozen wastes of the Alaskan island chain. Many returned with citations for bravery, and many returned to be laid to rest in the veterans' plots of our local cemeteries.

But there was also a different impact on our town and on our St. Mary parish. This was an economic change that in no way compensated for the sorrow of the other.

Suddenly the war fever made Astoria a strategic military spot on the west coast of the U.S. The beautiful picnic area on the river at Tongue Point had been made into a naval base, where the small airplane carriers ("Baby Flat-tops") came in for commissioning bringing hundreds of men attached to each ship, beside the work crews, military police, base officers and their families all stationed at Tongue Point. Blocks of modern apartments were built at Navy Heights across the highway from the base, spilling out into the more modest "Dog Patch" residential area. Strangely, Navy men are family men, and most of them brought their wives and children with them to enjoy the advantages of this coastal region.

As can be readily imagined, this presented problems to the city schools and to Star of the Sea, all finding their facilities "bursting at the seams." It also was evident that Navy personnel "ran to Catholics," and St. Mary Church was crowded to capacity at every Mass. But, somehow, the problems were solved in due time, and instead, those new families became blessings in terms of willing workers and active and interested additions to the parish. Navy wives formed their church circle in Navy Heights and became members of

other organizations within the church. Their husbands became lay readers and ushers, and the young sailors took part in work projects needed at the church and school in their time off. Homes were opened up for lavish entertaining for the "brass" weekend leave to help to dispel those homesick blues.

Nor was this reserved for the Navy boys. Fort Stevens west of town was filled to brimming with several thousand Army men, who were welcomed with that same warm hospitality. It was a gala time for the area, and many new friends were made among those visiting war families which have continued through the ensuing years. In fact, many of those Navy people returned to this area to make their homes, admiring the wide water vistas and the fishing, hunting, camping facilities afforded here, to settle down and become permanent residents.

Simultaneously, the businesses of the town flourished with the immense influx of people during the war, food markets, shops, and other mercantile outlets did a tremendous business and restaurants and night spots were always crowded. The USO Club in the old city hall (now a sparkling new Maritime Museum) appealed to the younger men who loved to dance but because of their age were not allowed in the nightspots where liquor was consumed. This called for the daughters of Astoria to serve as dancing partners, and their mothers as well, to serve as chaperones and hostesses, bringing their home-made goodies for the refreshment tables. Typical of the old story of "girl-meets-boy" many romances bloomed, and weddings resulted. It was a merry-mad little town, and never a dull moment!

When the war ended and Tongue Point Naval Base was phased out, residents wondered what this would do the the economy. It could have been otherwise, but it wasn't. Fortunately, although the Navy pulled out, the base, with its permanent buildings and homes and Navy Heights as well, were soon to be filled by the Job Corps, first boys, then girls, with their instructors, counsellors and administrative staffs, which has helped to keep the community, its economic structure. . .and St. Mary Parish on an even keel.

Tongue Point Naval Station was the scene of a presidential visit today.

President John Kennedy announced his decision to re-activate T.P.

The Oregonian commented on the glorious weather—our early chronicles gave praise, "Astoria's salubrious air"!

Hospital Growing Pains

As the need for a larger school was felt back in the early 1920's, the same condition was afflicting St. Mary Hospital. The three-story wooden wing, that seemed so commodious when it was built in 1905, simply wasn't able to accomodate the many patients, so eight years after the Astoria fire that wiped out the business district of Astoria, plans for a fine new wing adjoining the old wing and to the west of it, were drawn up by John Maloney, Yakima architect. A.W. Quist and Company, Seattle, were the contractors of the four-story building of cream-colored brick, at the cost of \$300,000. It was of special interest to Astorians and historians that, in excavating for the new building on the corner of 15th and Duane, remains of the old stockade of Fort Astoria were discovered a few feet below the ground surface. Although the Clatsop County Historical Society and other historians were aware that the old stronghold of the fur traders was situated on the same rising knoll above the river, no previous diggings had uncovered the "proof." Today, a replica of the fort Bastion, backed by a large panoramic painting of the fort and the river stands across from the hospital. At the completion of the fine new addition to the hospital, Oct. 28, 1931, the Rt. Rev. Edward Howard, Archbishop of Oregon, gave his blessing to it.

Meanwhile, the School of Nursing continued to enjoy great popularity by giving specialized training to daughters of the community and those from other parts of the northwest. During the years of 1942-45, the nursing school participated in the US Cadet program popular during World War II. During the years of its operation, 180 women graduated, receiving their caps and pins as registered nurses.

But by 1948, after WW II, the nursing school was losing students to Providence Hospital's school in Portland which attracted girls from the metropolitan areas as well as from the small towns as well. When 11 of the students of St. Mary School of Nursing left for further training in the big city up river, Mother Marcien, superior, gave permission to close the school here.

It was a time of changes, with the hospital adjusting to those times. Nursing homes for the elderly and the infirm were becoming to be more and more in demand. So the old frame wing of St. Mary Hospital on the east side of the block was converted into a home for invalids and the elderly. It was refurbished, re-decorated and made comfortable with sunny sitting rooms on each floor, where monthly birthday parties were held for the indigent residents, and those with birthdays within each month especially honored with little gifts and flowers. Special programs were given with music and youthful students from the local dancing schools performing, while colored slides and movies were shown every evening. Many women of the community were devoted volunteer workers with the old people, giving countless hours of their time on specified days throughout the years, many of whom were lonely and without relatives or friends in the area to visit them. The volunteer workers brought joy to those old people by visiting with them, listening to their reminiscing about their lives when they were happy with their families and loved ones, writing letters for them, reading to them, helping them to eat and dress and bathe, giving them companionship and cheery conversation, priceless gifts to the lonely ones whom modern life had passed by.

It was from these loyal and devoted women volunteers that St. Mary Hospital Auxiliary Guild was formed in 1950. This group of some 20 active interested women met once a month around the long table in the doctors' conference room to enjoy a tasty lunch, to discuss with the hospital Sisters the needs of the hospital, and then to plan various fund-raising projects to meet those needs.

During the years, after the end of World War II and during the '50s, the hospital and its guild, probably enjoyed the height of both their importance and popularity, up until the 1960's. Although the School of Nursing had closed, many of those dedicated "daughters of the community" remained faithful to the house of mercy, even though others had moved to the metropolitan areas around Portland.

But, the handwriting was on the wall. Just as the School of Nursing was closed, the march of progress caused the closing of the Nursing Home. Contributing to this sad event, was the fact that it was a wooden wing of the hospital and thus, not fireproof. It was a sorrowful day when, the last dear old people were transferred to modern fireproof nursing homes in the area in 1969. Those oldsters had learned to love the beloved little Sisters and the members of St. Mary Hospital Guild who had, through the years, brightened their lonely days.

Meanwhile, the hospital continued to contribute its important part to this waterfront community, as it had for the past 90 years, rendering its service to the sick and the poor of the northern Oregon coast. The staff of Sister of Charity of Providence had grown from the original three enterpid ones, to 21 in 1935, but was reduced in 1969 to eight Sisters.

The handwriting was on the wall again. Sadly, the patients at the hospital, as well as members of the hospital guild, saw the diminishing of those faithful nuns, as they were called, to the larger hospitals because of the demand for those dedicated, well-trained Sisters, when the training ranks were becoming thinned by less trainees. By 1969, the staff had been reduced to four Sisters and a beloved little chaplain, the Rev. Austin Johnson.

Oct. 4, 1965

The date is history that saw a Pope, Paul VI, welcomed to the U.S.

Dec. 6, 1965

The Catholic Sentinel carried an announcement this week that for the first time in the state history Catholics participated in an annual meeting of the Oregon Council of Churches.

Dec. 8, 1965

Vatican Ecumenical Council was the most significant religious event of this century.

Not all of the changes will be implemented immediately.

The dye has been cast and the life of the Catholic Church for centuries to come will be shaped by the decisions made in St. Peter's Basilica since the late Pope John XXIII called the Council in order on October 11, 1962.

Magnetic Go-Getter

July 1943 was noted for the arrival of the Rev. Joseph Vanderbeck as parish priest for St. Mary Church, a veritable "movie star priest," handsome and curly haired. But his good looks and good-nature belied one important factor. Fr. Vanderbeck was one whizz of a business man! He set about promoting a drive to wipe off the parish indebtedness, and, due to his drive and determination (and winning personality and good looks) he and the Parish Advisory Board working with him, had the parish free and clear of debt . . . with a balance, from pledges, to the amount of \$17,000! This was, of course, cause for a celebration, at which everyone's face, including that of the handsome "go-getter" Vanderbeck, were wreathed in smiles.

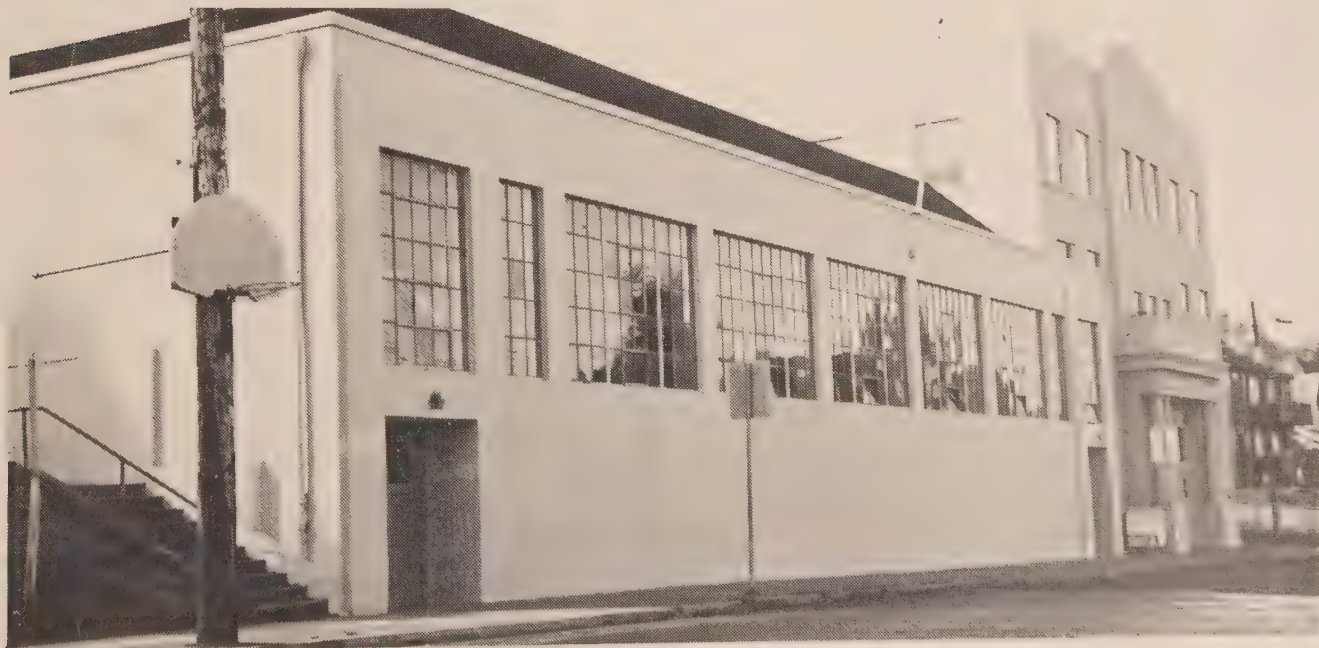
From then on, Sunday morning announcements appeared in the form of printed bulletins given out to all those attending Mass, the first one issued Nov. 28, 1943.

The happy parishioners met in the school parish hall to celebrate their new freedom from debt observed by the traditional "burning of the mortgage." His Excellence Archbishop E.D. Howard was here for the celebration, and visiting priests, the Revs. Arthur J. Sullivan, James McGarry and John O'Callaghan. J.L. Hope, city attorney and a member of the parish, was master of ceremonies and William, P. O'Brien, chairman of the committee who assisted Fr. Vanderbeck in the fund-raising campaign, thanked the parishioners for their wonderful spirit of self-sacrifice and cooperation. Rosemary Antonich and Pauline Friedrich played piano solos, Jacqueline Luke sang a vocal number, and the Quilismo Club harmonized a beautiful "Ave Maria" before the social hour.

Now we come to August 13, 1945, the beginning of a parish enterprise that had its moment of sadness,

but which had to be, nonetheless, due to the march of progress or signs of the time. Call it what you will, it was the need for a gymnasium for the Star of the Sea School. All schools now had their gymnasiums, didn't they? So should Star of the Sea, and the only land available just happened to be that on which the little first church, built and dedicated in 1874, stood. True, that ever since the new church replaced it on the northeast corner of the church property, the first little old St. Mary Church had served a purpose well as a parish hall ever since 1903. To those who had been baptized and married in the dear little sanctuary, it was a sad day when the wreckers started, that 13th of August, 1945. It was the end of one era in their history, and the beginning of another, one in which the splendid new gymnasium, with its shining solid oak basketball floor was to echo with the cheers and cries of hard-fought contests between "the Stars" and their rival teams and to resound to the gay strains of dance music for graduation proms and school dances for years to come.

It is now Feb. 2, 1947, and His Excellency, Archbishop Edward D. Howard was in town from the Diocese of Oregon in Portland to dedicate and give his blessing to the spanking brand-new gymnasium of Star of the Sea School. His Excellency, looking over the congregation of the eager young school athletes and their equally confident parents, reminded those of the parish that it was due, not only to their contributions to the fund-raising campaign for the school gym, but great credit and appreciation was to be given to the committee in charge of that fund drive: W.P. O'Brien, chairman, A.J. "Tony" Antonich, Dr. F. Friedrich, James Hope, city attorney, John Kelly, J.J. Leahy, E.M. Luke, Lee Luke, Joe Moore, Otto Owen, Louis Schairer and Pete Tadei.



Covenant for a Convent

There were two reasons that a separate convent for the Sisters of the Holy Names of Star of the Sea School: i.e. The Sisters needed their own private quarters, heretofore occupying the top floor of the school building, and also, more classrooms were required to alleviate the crowded conditions of the two lower floors. F. Jacobberger, Portland architect opened the bids for the convent.

Lowest bid was \$86,000, \$26,000 in excess of what the parish could be expected to raise. Father Venderbeck asked the assistance of prayers to St. Joseph that this problem would be solved.

The gentle saint must have indeed heard of the problem, for, suddenly, a beautiful large home just a block below the school was put up for sale, the stately old Patton home. The purchase was completed Nov. 5, 1950, and work was begun on remodelling the rooms to the needs of the Sisters. Work progressed slowly through the spring and summer months. It wasn't until Sept. 22, 1951, that the busy day arrived and the Sisters, with the help of numerous "movers" in the parish, were finally comfortably ensconced in their attractive and spacious new home. And how grateful they were! Gratitude was expressed especially to Harold

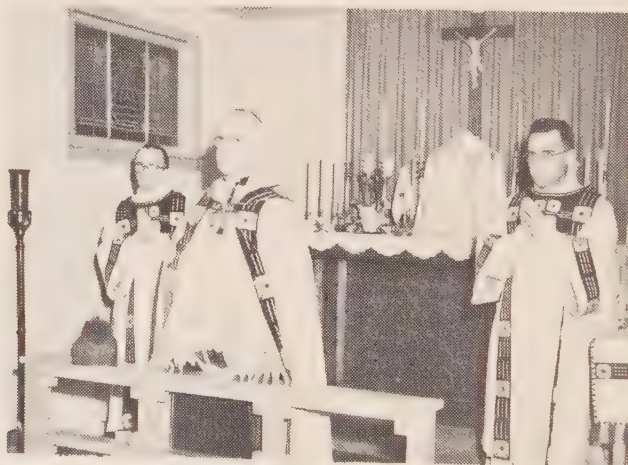
Leigh, John Fastabend, and Kenneth Varner for their countless hours of volunteer labor during their free time. At the open-house, held Feb. 10, 1952, attended by 200 people, several members of the Parents' Club prepared and served the refreshments, and mothers of some of the girls who had entered the Sisterhood from this area presided at the punch bowl: The Mesdames A.J. Antonich, L.P. Morgan, O. Jalbert and F.J. Friedrich.

A week later His Excellency the Most Reverend Edward D. Howard, D.D., Archbishop of Oregon, dedicated the new convent, with its own dainty chapel, to Mary, Star of the Sea. After blessing the convent and an approving tour of inspection, the Archbishop gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, expressing his gratitude to all those who had made the new convent possible, and complimenting them on a job well done.

Although Fr. Vanderbeck had, meanwhile been transferred and had left Astoria during the summer, credit for having "master-minded" the convent project was given to him . . . and to St. Joseph for assisting him. And where was Fr. Vanderbeck's new parish? He was sent to St. Joseph's own in Salem, Ore.!



New Convent is the former home of the Frank Pattons.



Convent chapel is dedicated by The Most Reverend Edward D. Howard, Archbishop of Portland in Oregon.

The Most Reverend Archbishop is assisted by The Reverend James Miller and The Reverend Nicholas Deis.

New Ideas from Neugebauer

Following Fr. Van's transfer to St. Joseph's large and imposing church-school-convent complex in Salem, came Father Robert Neugebauer to Astoria parish Aug. 29, 1951. This tall, firm-voiced "Dutchman" (he was of German extraction, but had come here from the Dutch colony of Verboort, Ore.) brought some ideas for improving the parish which were to have a lasting impact.

Probably the most far-reaching of these ideas was his forming the Altar Society, with its inner circles for the women of the parish. The Altar Society is in charge of the care and tending of the altar, keeping its brasses and artifacts bright and shining, its fair linens immaculate and in good repair, its candles in good supply and its flowers fresh and colorful. Although there are less church circles within the society than when it was first formed, those that continue to hold monthly meetings are continuing to assist the church, financially and otherwise, each carrying on its own fund-raiser and each "manning" a booth at the annual bazaar.

In conjunction with the annual bazaar, a dinner was also prepared, cooked and served to the public, and Fr. Neugebauer's culinary tastes prompted him to promote a Dutch sausage and sauerkraut dinner, instead of the turkey, salmon, roast beef meals in the past. It was a "carry-over" from Fr. Neugebauer's work in Verboort, where the annual Dutch sausage-and-kraut feeds had attracted thousands of people from all parts of the Willamette Valley each year. So, for several years, even after Fr. Neugebauer had left for Sublimity, Ore., the miles of sausages, mountains of sauerkraut and all their accompanying foods were the piece de resistance at Star of the Sea parish dinners.

It was also during his stay here that the new convent for the Sisters in the stately old Patton home was dedicated by Edward D. Howard, Archbishop of Oregon. In his dedicatory speech, the Archbishop said: "May God's blessing be upon each and everyone of you who has furthered the completion of this beautiful new convent. May you experience in a very special way the great happiness of contributing to the great cause of Catholic education."

Fr. Neugebauer was given a farewell dinner by the Sisters of the Holy Names when he left for the pastorate at Sublimity Sept. 10, 1955.

During the ensuing years, parishioners received news that their former parish priest, Fr. Waters, had become ill and was hospitalized. It was his desire to return to Astoria if this had to be, so he was brought back by ambulance and ensconced at

St. Mary Hospital in 1953, where he seemed content to see his many friends who visited him each day. His priesthood of 54 years came to a close March 7, 1954, and he was buried in Mt. Calvary Cemetery, Portland.

There were several popular priests serving this parish, from ~~the~~ year 1955 until the coming to St. Mary Church of our present pastor, the Very Rev. Charles Borho in 1969.

The Very Rev. Paul Malyszko, who followed Fr. Neugebauer, was assigned to the Astoria parish Oct. 1, 1955, coming up the coast from his pastorate at Holy Redeemer Church in North Bend. Accompanying him was Father Franz Schubert as his assistant. This younger priest with "the musical name" was especially popular with the students and young people of the parish, and he and the quiet, gentle Malyszko enjoyed a happy "partnership" here as leaders of the flock. While here, Fr. Malyszko observed his 25th anniversary in the priesthood with appropriate Mass and celebration May 16, 1963. Fr. Malyszko received a new appointment from the Archbishop to St. Boniface Church in that little Dutch settlement of Verboort in the valley, and was given honors at a farewell reception Aug. 28, 1966.

Next to come was a jolly little Irishman, Fr. John O'Callaghan, who had served our pastorate as an assistant priest in past years, and who had many devoted friends here to welcome him. During his stay here, a beautiful new altar was made for St. Mary Church, replacing the one, of the forties. The present altar was constructed by Joe Ewald and Joe Nerenberg, with the metal work done by Tom Sawyer. With the installation of the new altar the communion rails were removed and lecterns constructed later.

Fr. "O'C" was followed by rotund, genial little Father Francis Maloney. It was during his serving here that it was advisable to phase out the high school grades, due to so many of those students transferring to Astoria High School, and the seventh and eighth grade students were transferred to Astoria Public Junior High. One of the highlights of Fr. Maloney's pastorate here was his 25th anniversary of ordination, with a con-celebrated Mass in which he was assisted by many of his priest friends from Portland. An elaborate silver anniversary reception followed in the school auditorium, by a crowd that was swelled by many of his relatives and friends from out-of-town. And so we come to our own Fr. Borho in Nov. 1969.

Crown of Silver

When news throughout the parish revealed that Fr. Charles Borho was coming to take over the parish that November of 1969, there was instant happiness. You see, Fr. Borho had served here before as an assistant priest several years back, and people remembered the tall, slim, handsome young man with his shock of black hair. He had been a favorite then. He is more so now.

Born in Nekoma, N.D., he attended public schools for 12 years, then entered the service during World War II, serving in the Marine Corps. He saw duty in Saipan, during the invasion of Okinawa and the occupation of China. The day of his discharge in 1946, the Feast of the Assumption was being celebrated by Catholics across the world. Incidentally, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Borho had eight sons who served in the military service, including young Charles. He has one sister.

Shortly after military discharge, Charles Borho came to Portland, where he enrolled at the University of Portland, receiving his Bachelor of Arts Degree cum laude from there in 1950. Following a year of work, he entered Mt. Angel Seminary in the fall of 1951, then receiving his theological training at St. Edward's Seminary, Kenmore, Wash. He was ordained May 18, 1957.

His first assignment after being ordained was at St. Mary's Boys' Home, Beaverton, serving as assistant director for four years, before being sent here to Astoria in September 1961 as assistant priest. From here he went to St. James parish, McMinnville, as its associate pastor, until Archbishop Robert Dwyer, gladdened hearts of St. Mary Parish by appointing him its pastor.

It was Nov. 28, 1969, and the social room of Star of the Sea School is crowded with parishioners, many of them the college set home for the Thanksgiving holiday, to welcome back their good friend Charles Borho, who had served as an assistant priest previously, and who had now returned as parish priest.

Not long after this happy event occurred, a worrisome question confronted the parish and its new pastor . . . what to do about the Sisters' convent? The former large home was too large for the Seven Sisters of the Holy Names who remained here. It just wasn't economically feasible. The matter was brought up and discussed patiently and in detail by members of the Parish Council, Dec. 6, 1971. All agreed that the remodelled home would be an excellent home for young people from broken homes or those in need of help and counsel outside their homes, and a committee, headed by Vince Dulcich, athletic director and coach of Astoria High School, was appointed to investigate new convent possibilities. Encouragement on the idea of a home for teen-age girls came from the State and County Welfare and Mental Health Association, which were dealing through the Clatsop Youth Development Assn., of which Mrs. Ted Bugas, a member of our parish, was the chairwoman. The CYDA was in favor of converting it into a home for girls, ages 13-16 needing temporary help and counselling, as there was no service of this type between here and Hillcrest.

A more suitable convent for the Sisters was found in the cozy homey house owned by Clair Miles, while negotiations continued with the county and state (and several unsympathetic residents of the

neighborhood) for its planned use as a home for displaced girls. Despite these objections, the negotiations were completed, and, renamed "Phoenix House," the spacious former convent has a lease agreement with the Archdiocese of Oregon, but with all control for upkeep and maintenance under the jurisdiction of the local (St. Mary) parish. As an after-note, there have been no further complaints from those apprehensive residents of the neighborhood surrounding Phoenix House. The girl residents appear happy and adjusted to the care and council of the administrators of the establishment, have enrolled in area schools and have become part of the teen-age life of their community.

Two projects that Fr. Borho has master-minded have been the re-roofing of all the church buildings and the re-doing of all the old pews in the church proper, both tremendous undertakings. In the problem of the pews, each required hours of back-bending sanding to remove years of scars, including the carved names and initials of restless students during daily Masses. This was followed by equally strenuous hours of polishing and hand-rubbing to a glow that displays the fine quality of the old wood disguised all these years by countless coats of various and sundry furniture polishes. A year or so ago, to Fr. Borho's delight, the priest's house was completely redecorated, all the work done by a volunteer handful of accomplished (and devoted!) decorators within the parish. The results of their labors brought a chorus of instant admiration on the part of those attending the open-house-tour-of-inspection at its completion.

During the next summer and bright autumn days, the church exterior has been given a new coat of soft antique gold paint with mellow brown trim, while both the interior and exterior of the school building is resplendent and shining clean with new paint inside and out, and needed repairs completed just in time for the opening of the school this September. What a frantic flurry of activity was going on on all sides, ladders, scaffolding, banging hammers, whining saws, slap-slap of paint brushes, mops and pails and window washers, and a crew of gardeners hard at work on the grounds and planting areas around the church . . . all volunteer workers, mind you! No wonder Father's black hair turned (gradually, of course) from gray to a shining silver, which, though premature, is no less becoming.

Last spring, Father was stricken with acute appendicitis, demanding an emergency operation. His shocked and adoring parishioners were consoled at his apparent quick recovery, but Father needed a longer rest after surgery than what he allowed himself, and he landed back in the hospital with complications. Now the prayers went up in a veritable cloud all over the parish! They were heard and appreciated and answered, and Father Borho returned to his flock as a new set of prayers of thanks-giving soared heavenward.

Meanwhile, St. Mary Star of the Sea parish enjoys a peaceful existence of happy families, new residents of the community and numerous converts, its finances on an even keel, its books balanced, its properties in fine shape, its school, "saved" by a new group of dedicated little Sisters, showing increased enrollment. Everything is in readiness for the celebration of St. Mary Church's 100th Anniversary, the celebration in the hands of a competent committee, but headed and inspired and urged on by Father Borho, who else?

No wonder he wears a crown of silver!

Miracle on 14th Street

If you have followed the pages of this little history book to this point, you realize we have reached the year of Our Lord 1974, a memorable one because of the 100th Anniversary observance . . . and for another reason, too.

Parishioners were grievously shocked to learn that the Sisters of the Holy Names were leaving Star of the Sea School!

It was hard for Astorians to imagine the departure of the Sisters who had been such an active segment of the community for so long, ever since 1896.

There was marked sadness among all those who have known and loved, been taught, corrected (and punished) by the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, for with the punishment and corrections, as many grown men and women in this area today will confess, there was always respect for those devoted and dedicated teachers.

In the days when news got about that the Sisters were leaving, there was talk about having to close the school. Worried parents and parishioners held a meeting, discussing what could be done to keep it open. Could another order of Sisters be brought here? It didn't seem likely. Most other orders were suffering from the same dilemma . . . lack of girls going into the Sisterhood.

But, when things looked darkest and there was no apparent hope of getting teaching Sisters, something in the nature of a miracle came about. From the Franciscan Sisters of the Eucharist came a reply to Father Charles Borho's request. Could they come to Astoria and take over Star of the Sea School? A representative from the Mother House in the East arrived soon after, and, after inspecting the school building and talking with Father Borho and some other interested people, gave her consent.

The news travelled fast. Some couldn't believe it. It WAS a miracle, some said. But, miracle or not, Star of the Sea School was opened, as usual this September, to the relief of not only the people of St. Mary's parish, but to the Astoria School system as well.

A new regime, new spirit, restored faith in a providence that looks out for such things, helped make the greeting of the Franciscan Sisters of the Eucharist from Connecticut another event during the summer months.

Meanwhile, good friends, former pupils and those who knew and loved them gathered one Sunday to bid farewell to the five remaining Sisters of the Holy Names, and to wish them Godspeed in their new teaching positions.



From left to right are Sisters Elizabeth Hecker, Carolyn Coleman, Catherine Ann, Patricia McCann and Helen Moore. Daily Astorian—Michael Ziegler

Hammond's Picturesque Mission

In 1911 St. Anthony's chapel car gave a week's mission in Hammond and at that time it was hoped that the Catholics would soon build a little church for themselves. However, this was not accomplished as the people were uncertain regarding their remaining there. Since that mission however, the pastor at Seaside had been attending and giving them Mass once a week. The services were held in the gymnasium at Fort Stevens which was then about a mile from the town.

The chapel car continued to be a real delight and the services were well attended. The Catholic soldiers at the Fort availed themselves of the Sunday services. Chaplain William J. Cartwright felt that the people were ready in 1916 to begin work on their own church.

The architect for Holy Angels (Hammond's first Catholic church) was a Frenchman who had a talent for design. Father Henri Langlard, the pastor in Seaside, received the plans and a small subscription as a starter from the soldiers and \$500 from the Catholic Church Extension Society, May 21, 1916. It served its purpose well for many years, but now long abandoned and in a ravaged state this church building holds much beauty among the contemporary church structures.

After they made the Fort a State Park, Father Paul Malyszko had a new mission chapel built at Hammond, Oregon, in 1960. The new chapel has been dedicated to Saint Francis de Sales, with \$10,000 toward the construction provided by the Extension Society.



Sketch of Holy Angels, the first Catholic Church in Hammond, Ore., 1916



The Reverend Paul Malyszko supervised the building of the new church in Hammond. It was named St. Francis de Sales.



The sunlight reflects the beauty of the interior of Saint Francis de Sales.

After Father Lane supervised the building of the first church in Seaside in 1901, the Astoria priests took this assignment during the summer months.

Father Edmund Murnane was assigned by Archbishop Edward D. Howard, D.D. to take care of the missions in Rainier, Clatskanie and Birkenfeld. Hammond came under our care at this time, also.

Father was assisted in his work by the Rev. John Sheridan and the Rev. Richard Fall.

Clifton our mission, and a little fishing settlement 21 miles east of Astoria on the Columbia River and the route of the S. P. and S. Railroad was one of the first missions assigned to Father Waters. The population, chiefly of the Slavonian extraction was very happy to have Father come and arranged for Mass to be held in a home or the schoolhouse. Sometimes Father would stay all night at the Marko Gizdavich home, where he enjoyed the Slavonian cooking.

The mission work was continued by Father Murnane and his assistants. The Sisters of the Holy Names gave two weeks during the summer and prepared the children for Holy Communion and Confirmation.

During Father Laidlaw's assignment an empty house in Clifton was converted into a mission

church by John Vlastelicia and Ray Davis; who also made all of the pews. The altar as one of the side altars from St. Mary, Star of the Sea when the Astoria church was renovated. Later the mission church was moved to the schoolhouse.

Time has a way of marching on and changes take place — a highway with a road leading into Clifton was built and this enabled church attendance to increase until the exodus of the populace for better jobs. This spelled finis for the mission, with souvenir hunters or collectors dividing the pews among them; the altar was a prized possession of carpenters and the statue of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of fishermen was returned to a niece of Mr. Lasich.

Today we have but one mission and that is St. Francis de Sales of Hammond.



The chapel car that rolled the rails to many isolated areas in the state where no Catholic Church existed, made calls to the Astoria communities also. The missionary project always drew a large and interested crowd of worshippers.

Our Parish Priests



*Fr. Patrick Gibney



*Fr. L. Dielman



*Fr. Arthur Lane



*Fr. John Waters



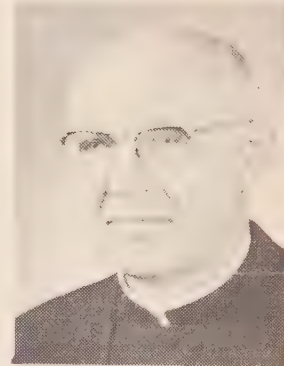
Fr. Edmund Murnane



Fr. John Laidlaw



Fr. J. Vanderbeck



Fr. R. Neugebauer



Fr. Paul Malyszko



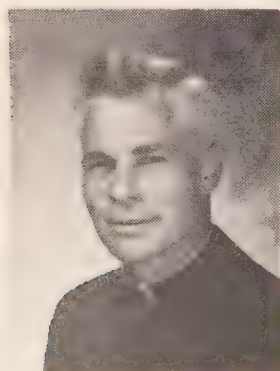
*Fr. John O'Callaghan



*Fr. Francis Maloney



Fr. N. J. Deis



Fr. Charles Borho

**No picture
 **Fr. P. Mackin
 **Fr. M. Orth
 *Deceased

ASSOCIATE PASTORS AT ASTORIA:

1936	Father James E. Crowe
1936 to 1940	Father Richard Fall
1940	Father Daniel Hurley
1941 to 1943	Father Paul Zeller
1943 to 1949	Father John O'Callaghan
1949 to 1950	Father James P. Gallagher
1949 to 1952	Father Thomas Gadbois
1950 to 1951	Father John Domin
1951 to 1952	Father James Miller
1952 to 1953	Father Aloysius O'Doherty
1952	Father Paul P. Kaspar
1953 to 1954	Father G. C. Lair
1954	Father Paul P. Kaspar
1954 to 1958	Father Francis Schubert
1958 to 1961	Father Chester Wrzaszczak
1961 to 1966	Father Charles D. Borho
1962 to 1966	Father Massimo Ghilardi
1966 to 1967	Father Francis Ford, OFM
1967 to 1968	Father Joseph Black
1968 to 1972	Father Wilfred P. Wyffels
1971	Rev. Mr. Jack Wells
1972	Father Herculan Silviera
1972	Rev. Mr. Brad Kehoe
1973	Father James Sullivan

VOCATIONS FROM ST. MARY, STAR OF THE SEA CHURCH

Sisters of Providence

<u>Name</u>	<u>Year Entered</u>	
Sister Mary Dympna, Leahy	1889	(deceased, 1918)
Sister Hermyle, Leahy	1899	(deceased, 1913)
Sister Edward Mary, Furney	1930	

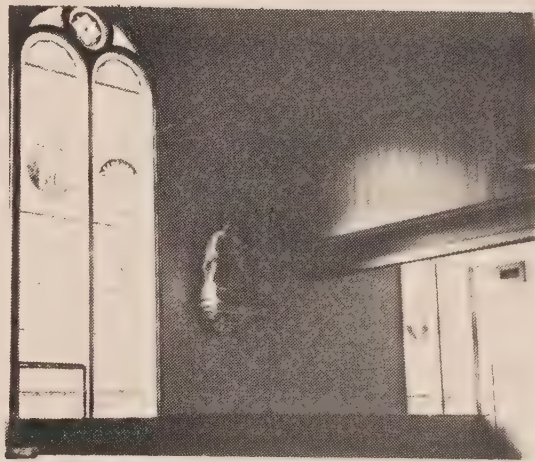
Sisters of the Holy Names

Sister Mary Eleanor, Leahy	1905	(deceased, 1967)
Sister M. Anna Louise, Court	1917	(deceased, 1972)
Sister Mary Frances Josephine, Kearney	1920	
Sister Dolores Adelia (Sister Jeanne Therese), Robinson	1925	
Sister Marian Dolores, Robinson	1932	
Sister Miriam Philip, Friedrich	1932	
Sister Mary, Trainor	1933	
Sister Laurette, Jalbert	1946	
Sister Rosemary, Antonich	1949	
Sister Rosemary Anne, Parker	1952	
Sister Evelyn, Gerardo	1967	

Religious Life and to the Priesthood

Reverend Leo J. Robinson, S.J.	1916	(deceased, 1968)
Reverend Francis J. Foster	1927	
Reverend John A. Dalgity, S.J.	1930	
Reverend Kevin Coyle	1938	

Glimpses - Past & Present -



Father A. Lane, his mother and sister Rose occupied this house. It was located on the James Welch property.

The membership of organizations in the church community is an expression of devotion by those sharing their varied talents, time and energy for the good of all.

Branch No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians was organized in 1878.

Young Men's Institute was organized in 1888. Astoria Council 106, was very active in the late 1890's. Patrick Shea was the first president and Father L. Dielman was an honorary member.

The Knights of Columbus No. 1307 followed the YMI in 1908. The first Grand Knight was W.P. O'Brien.

Court Columbia No. 151 Daughters of Isabella, now the Catholic Daughters of America, was organized in 1911. The first Grand Regent was Mary C. Magee.

The Bazaar is an annual event which calls for organization on a yearly basis.

The Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Women of Oregon has an active branch in Astoria, working hand-in-hand with District 3 on the north coast. Officers of the Tillamook-Astoria District are Kay Calahan, president; Marita Baertlein, vice-president; Blanche Slagle, secretary; Emma Varner, treasurer; and Frances Lindsay, director.

The Altar Society has flourished through the years and today it has Circles which have rapport with the whole organization — These Circles are: St. Theresa, St. Rose, St. Gregory, St. Dorothy, St. Jude, St. Joseph and Mother of Perpetual Help. Each circle has a leader, co-leader, secretary and treasurer. Mrs. John (Anita) Finel is president of the Society.

Our Legion of Mary is a small but an integral nucleus of the Parish that meets the spiritual and temporal needs of many of our members and friends.

The Parents' Club has done exemplary work. No assignment has seemed too difficult.

At the instigation of both pastor and parishioners, the present Parish Council was formed April 1, 1969. Dr. A. J. Kerbel was the first chairman; George Hauer, vice-chairman; and Mrs. Ted Bugas, secretary.

The Council represents the laity to the pastor and works with the pastor in the operation of the parish. A registered member of the parish is eligible for membership in the group. Officers are: Chairman, Vice-chairman and Past chairman; Secretary, and Delegates-at-large. There are 10 standing commissions. They meet monthly and make a regular written report to the Parish Council.

SPONSORS

Eben H. and Nancy T. Carruthers
 Mr. and Mrs. Bill Clarke
 Winifred M. Dalgity
 Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Danielovich
 Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Davis
 Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Dugan
 Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Durkin
 Bill and Kay Elder
 Mrs. Leo (Theresa Gramms) Furney
 In Memory of Leo Furney
 Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hauer
 Mr. and Mrs. George S. Hauer
 Mr. and Mrs. Larry Hreha
 Mr. and Mrs. J. Vincent Kearney and family
 Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Kerbel
 The Ole J. Lilleoren Family
 Mr. and Mrs. Joe Nerenberg

Colette M. Nordquist
 Anita M. Quinn
 Mr. and Mrs. Chris Rose
 Mrs. and Mrs. Anthony Stramiello
 Dr. and Mrs. Paul Stull
 Mr. and Mrs. John Sullivan
 Mr. and Mrs. Laszlo Szender
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taggart
 Winfred R. Taylor
 Ellsworth Thiel's Fiesta Restaurant
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Turina
 Mr. and Mr. L.F. Van Dusen
 Mr. and Mrs. W.C. Wallace
 Mr. and Mrs. William I. Wilson
 Mr. and Mrs. Nick Zorich, Sr.
 In Memory of Loren Kuske

PATRONS

Altheides Chevron
 Joseph I. Amato
 Andy and Betty Anderson
 Anderson Brothers Jewelers
 Andrews and Steves Cafe
 Mr. and Mr. J. Andrich
 A. J. Antonich Family
 Astoria Apparel, Inc.
 Astoria Cleaners
 Astoria Florist
 Astorian Printing Co.
 Joseph and Monica Moore Avio
 Robert Barricks
 Mr. and Mrs. William Barricks
 Dean and Jacquie (Luke) Bigler
 Biking
 Bill's Department Store
 Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Breitenbauch
 Mr. and Mrs. Mike Brownlie
 Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brunmeier
 The Ted Bugas Family
 Bumble Bee Seafoods
 Mr. and Mrs. Edison Burdick
 Robert A. Burns
 Mr. and Mrs. John Carroll
 Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Connelly
 Columbia Travel Bureau
 Court Columbia Catholic Daughters of America
 Mrs. M.D. (Patricia) Crawford
 Reverend John A. Dalgity, S.J.
 Concepcion de Kasten
 Mrs. James De Polo
 Catherine Grass Dobner
 Mr. and Mrs. William Drahota
 Mr. and Mrs. B. A. (Tim) Dugan
 Mr. and Mrs. James Dugan
 Mrs. Hazel Falleur
 Charles Anthony Fastabend
 Mr. and Mrs. William P. Fastabend and Daughters
 Ed Fearey and Company
 Arthur and Mary M. Flick
 Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Flick
 Mr. and Mr. John Finel
 First National Bank of Oregon
 Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Flabetich
 Lucille Flynn

The Walter Fransen Family
 Mrs. Lorraine Fuller
 Mr. and Mrs. John Gaffke
 Esteban Gerardo
 Dean L. Girard, M.D.
 The Guild Men's Shop
 Bill and Irene Hall, State Farm Insurance
 Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Halonen
 Haurer's Cyclery
 Hauke's SENTRY Market
 Lillie B. Hess
 John and Elizabeth Hiestand
 Hildebrand & Co.
 Mr. and Mrs. A.V. Hilton
 In Memory of Gloria M. Hoag
 Mr. and Mrs. Richard Houston
 Mr. and Mrs. George Hreha
 Mr. and Mrs. A.E. Huckestein
 Mr. and Mrs. Richard Huckestein
 Hughes-Ransom Mortuary
 Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hunt, Sr.
 Lucy M. Hunt
 Hunt's TV and Appliance
 Mrs. Harry Hyde
 Richard Kearney
 Paul Kearney by Martha Kearney
 Elizabeth Keaveny
 Mr. and Mrs. John Kempf
 Herman Kobbe
 Mr. and Mrs. John Krause
 Andrew Kustura
 Clara Lafferriere
 Mr. and Mrs. C.E. Laird and Family
 Mary Laird Custom Draperies
 Mr. and Mrs. Roland E. Larson
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lawlis
 Mr. and Mrs. William J. Leahy
 Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Leathers
 Richard Marshall Leathers III
 Mr. and Mrs. Timothy A. Leigh
 Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Lindsay
 Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lyly
 Charlotte Ward McCann
 Mr. and Mrs. F.J. McSwain
 In Memory of Marguerite G. Maddox

Maddox School of Dance Arts
 Mrs. Willis Mahoney
 Mr. and Mrs. Fred Makinica
 Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Mardesich
 Frank Martin
 Rosamund Maunula Martin
 Maxe Fire Equipment
 Mrs. Catherine Mestrich
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mestrich
 Charles T. Mestrich, Jr.
 Chris Mestrich, Sr.
 Eliza Miles
 Blanche Mjelde
 Robert Morris' Oregon Glass Service
 Lt. Robert L. Nerenberg
 Merle Norman Cosmetic Studio
 Ocean Foods Market
 Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Olson
 Edward and Jesse Opdycke
 The Owl Drug Store
 Mr. and Mrs. Grady Pannel
 Mr. and Mrs. James Parker
 Mary Paulsen
 Cecilia M. Pfund
 George E. Phebus
 E.M. Poell
 Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O. Potter
 Mr. and Mrs. Quentin Quade
 Mr. and Mrs. A.J. Radich
 Marcella Radich
 Reed & Grimberg
 Mrs. John Riedel
 The River Clipper
 Margaret M. Roman
 In Memory of Sister Rose Carmel
 Mr. and Mrs. Ted Ruoff
 Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schairer
 Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Schmitz and Family
 Mrs. Doris Sculace
 Colonel and Mrs. R.B. Shriver, Jr. (nee Agnes Schairer)
 Miss Anne M. Sieverts
 Al Simonson
 Blanche A. Slagle
 In Memory of Jeff Smith
 Steinbock's Pharmacy
 Mrs. George (Theresa) Story
 Gordon and Darlene Story
 Sunset Empire Room
 Mr. and Mrs. Claude Swingle
 Peter V. Tadei Family
 Mr. and Mrs. Vince E. Tadei
 Mr. and Mrs. Joe Tarabochia
 Mr. and Mrs. Mike Tarabochia
 Thorbees (formerly Clarx)
 Thorsness Glass Shop
 Mrs. Charles (Margaret) Turina, Sr.
 Charles Turina, Sr.
 Donald J. Turina
 Frank Turina
 In Memory of Natalie Turina
 U.S. National Bank of Oregon
 Mr. and Mrs. Don Keith Van Velzer
 Mr. and Mrs. James Varner
 Varsity Shop-Fashionland
 Mr. and Mrs. John Vermeul and Family
 Mr. and Mrs. John Vlastelicia
 Mr. and Mrs. Francis Webb
 Mr. and Mrs. Paul Williams
 Irene Wolfgram
 Mr. and Mrs. Norman Wolfgram
 Captain Stephen C. Zakrzewski
 Mike Zeigler

The Fred Alfonse Family
 Archdiocese of Portland in Oregon
 Mr. and Mrs. Alden Black
 Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ewald
 Franciscan Sisters of the Eucharist
 Anna Marie Friedrich
 The Hal Hankel Family
 Holy Names Convent—Marylhurst
 Knights of Columbus, Astoria Council
 Frances McKenna
 In Memory of Father Francis Maloney
 Mode O'Day
 The Gene Moore Family
 Mount Angel Seminary
 In Memory of Father John O'Callaghan
 Sisters of Providence
 Ethel Sparks
 St. Mary's Altar Society
 Mrs. George Thomas
 Capt. Quentin McKay Greeley

Acknowledgments:

TO—
 Bishop Francis P. Leipzig
 Rev. John R. Laidlaw
 Sisters of Providence
 Sisters of the Holy Names
 Rev. Wilfred Schoenberg, S.J.
 A Chronicle of Catholic History
 of the Pacific Northwest 1743-1960
 Catholic Sentinel
 Mt. Angel Abbey
 Astoria Catholic Monthly
 Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Kearney
 Mr. Marshall Leathers
 Mrs. Leo Furney
 Mrs. J.B. Fastabend
 Mrs. Robert Marquart
 Mrs. Mary Paulsen
 Mrs. Margaret Turina
 Mrs. Rosalie Rogers
 Miss Eulalia Leahy
 Miss Anna Marie Friedrich
 Clatsop County Historical Museum
 Mr. John Finel
 Mr. Russell Dark
 Mrs. Hazel Falleur
 Mrs. Marv E. McDermott
 Don Budde and Charles Savage
 of The Daily Astorian
 Helen Aho
 Ken and Allan Bue
 Mrs. H.W. Hankel
 Mrs. Martina Smith Fox
 Astor Public Library
 Mrs. J.J. Leahy
 Betty Morrison Moran

We, Winifred Dalgity and Philippa Mardesich, compilers of this history, express our appreciation for their help.

Time, Tide and the Years Roll On



One problem that immediately presented itself to these first Catholic priests to the northwest was the language barrier with the Indians. True, they had taken "crash" courses in English before leaving their provincial territory in northeastern Canada, where French was almost wholly spoken, but there had been no one "back home" who knew the tongue of the Oregon Indians. So, soon after their arrival in the Oregon Country, they had to be instructed in the language of these natives, also perfecting themselves in the sign language prevalent among all Indian tribes. However, this "going to school" on the part of the Black Robes proved a constant source of amusement, often provoking outbursts of laughter at some of the mistakes their beloved Black Robes made in conversing with them, all of which endeared the priests to their new religious leaders, when they joined the merriment by adding their own laughter to the scene.

Preceding the dedication of the first Catholic Church in Astoria, Father Gibney, the pastor, opened an elementary school in the Masonic Temple with Miss O'Brien as teacher, and Father Gibney as supervisor.

And the first confirmation class was conducted by Archbishop Charles Seghers in 1880.

Msgr. Lane was baptized by the first Archbishop of Oregon, Most Rev. Francis Blanchet; confirmed by the second archbishop, Most Rev. Charles Seghers; ordained by the third archbishop, Most Rev. William Gross, and served under the fourth and fifth archbishops, Alexander Christie and Edward D. Howard.

Mrs. Lee Merrick (Mamie Shanahan) and Mrs. D.T. Waterhouse (Nellie Shanahan) who were enrolled at the Academy of the Holy Names for the 1896-97 school year make their home in Portland, Oregon, Mrs. Martin Knutsen (Nellie Ford) class of 1897-98 makes her home in Astoria.

When the train arrived in Warrenton with the assistant priest, he was met by a horse drawn "buckboard" from Fort Stevens and thus transported to Hammond to say Mass. Very often the Malarkey twins Margharita (Mrs. M.A. Vandenberg) and Genevieve (Mrs. Livengood) rode to church with the priests.

On May 9, 1948, first Mass was celebrated by a new priest, another native son of the Lower Columbia area, Kevin Coyle, who was born and reared across the river. Father Coyle, OSB, was assisted at his first High Mass by the Very Rev. J.E. Vanderbeck, our parish priest, the Rev. Robert Cielinski and the Rev. John O'Callaghan., The Rev. Edward Spear, OSB, giving the sermon.

A dream that Astorians had longed cherished came true at 5 o'clock of a Sunday evening, May 16, 1898, when with an echoing toot of its whistle and an insistent clanging of its big brass bell, a railroad train pulling 16 new, shiney passenger coaches pulled into town on the newly laid railroad to Portland. A whistling, cheering crowd was on hand to welcome the ultimate in passenger service to the metropolitan area upriver, and the popular expression about town that evening was "You wake, and call me early, Mother Dear!" For, at 7:30 the next morning, the train was being placed at the disposal of the subsidy committee, with complimentary tickets that had been issued to the 700 or so local people who had contributed to the project. The 16 coaches were comfortably filled by the time they pulled out in the early morning mists, which, incidently, accounts state, had no effect in dampening the spirits of those aboard and off they rolled down the new roadbed, picking up more passengers along the way for a smooth and comfortable ride to Portland, where the happy passengers were met by wildly cheering crowds of well-wishers.

Another item of interest during Fr. Waters' regime as parish priest here, which thrilled the parishioners then as now, was the 14 beautiful Stations of the Cross that were brought here by the generosity of many of its people. These true works of art, still revered by those attending the church services, were canonically erected and solemnly blessed by Fr. Waters at 7:30 p.m. Sunday evening, Dec. 19, 1915. Donors that made these precious works of art possible by their donations are: St. Mary Altar Society, Mrs. E. Ford, J.F. Kearney and family, Mrs. John A. Devlin, St. Mary Sewing Society, the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, J.V. Burns and family, the Misses Elizabeth Glaser and Evelina Johnson, Mrs. Austin Osburn, William Kelly and family, Mrs. A.V. Allen, the Boys and Girls of the Sunday School, Court Columbia 151, Daughters of Isabella (now Catholic Daughters of America) and Astoria Council 1307, Knights of Columbus.

Church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

27 October 1974

Concelebrated Mass of Thanksgiving

The Most Reverend Cornelius Power
Archbishop of Portland in Oregon
Main-celebrant

The Reverend John Goodrich,
Pastor, St. John Fisher, Portland, Homilist

Former pastors as co-celebrants

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edmund J. Murnane

The Reverend John R. Laidlaw

The Reverend Joseph E. Vanderbeck

The Reverend Robert Neugebauer

The Reverend Paul D. Malyszko

The Reverend Nicholas Deis

The Reverend Charles D. Borho, present pastor

Master of Ceremonies	The Reverend John Larkin
Cross bearer	Mike Durkin
Mitre bearer	Pat O'Brien
Crozier bearer	Pat Leahy
Thurifer	Don Nerenberg
Acolytes	Andy Bugas Mike O'Brien
Lector	Ted Bugas
Music	Choral Mass 1970 - John Lee
Adult Choir	St. Mary, Star of the Sea, Church
Director	Mrs. Paul (Alice) Stull
Organist	Mrs. William (Jeanne) Fastabend

Door to a new Century

So now, we parishioners of St. Mary, Star of the Sea Catholic Church, Astoria, Ore., stand before a 100-year-old door.

Through the pages of this booklet, we have looked back on events and persons who have made it possible for us to stand before this historic door, and now to be able to step out into a new 100 years for our church and parish.

Those first priests of this far Northwest territory, those stout-hearted pioneers who joined together here in the wilderness frontier to start the nucleus of our Faith, with courage, determination and prayer, made it possible for us today to benefit from all these blessings we now are able to enjoy . . . a stately church, a fine Catholic school and a vigorous, active and interested parish, composed of descendants of some of those first families, along with many enthusiastic new and youthful members who will carry on so that our Faith will progress.

St. Mary church and parish has kept pace with the progress of our town through the years, keeping in step with the demands that confront a community with time's passage, accepting the difficulties, but doing something about them, and putting a shoulder to the wheel when the going gets rough.

Perhaps it is the very spirit of those staunch and sturdy pioneer Catholics that has rubbed off on us and helped us to continue to work together and pray together for Divine Help in making our parish and community better.

As we step through the 100-year-old door into a second century for our church (and, in two more years into the Bi-Centennial of our country in 1976) we do so with pride and a joyful spirit . . . and certainly, with a deep sense of appreciation to those pioneers and to Our Heavenly Father, who stood by them and Whose blessing and love has given us this privilege.

Centennial Committee Chairmen

Co-Chairmen	John Rickman, John Branch
Parish Council	John Sullivan
Banquet Site - Transportation & Parking	Fred Lindstrom
Decorations	Katherine Wilson, Anita Final
Banquet	Maxine Breitenbaugh
Historians	Philippa Mardesich, Winifred Dalgity
Family Potluck	Marie Rummell
Patrons and Sponsors	Mary Nerenberg
Donations	Cindy Brock
Publicity	Philippa Mardesich



Autographs

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